

CENTRE
for
REFORMATION
and
RENAISSANCE
STUDIES

VICTORIA
UNIVERSITY

TORONTO

8,50







THE SHEPHEARDES CALENDAR

PUBLISHER'S NOTE.

*Five hundred and twenty copies only printed for England
and America combined. Each copy numbered.*

No.

THE SHEPHEARDES CALENDER

BY EDMUND SPENSER

THE ORIGINAL EDITION OF 1579 IN PHOTOGRAPHIC
FACSIMILE WITH AN INTRODUCTION

BY H. OSKAR SOMMER, PH.D.

LONDON

JOHN C. NIMMO

14, KING WILLIAM STREET, STRAND

MDCCXC

PR

2359

A2

1890

Cop. 2

F. & REN.

8330

Ballantyne Press
BALLANTYNE, HANSON AND CO.
EDINBURGH AND LONDON

TO
MY KIND FRIEND
THE RIGHT HON. LORD CHARLES BRUCE
THIS LITTLE VOLUME
IS DEDICATED
AS A TOKEN
OF
HIGH RESPECT AND GRATITUDE

* *
*



P R E F A C E.

SPENSER'S "Shepheardes Calender" was in its day a book of great interest, not only because it made the world acquainted with "the new poet," but also because it contained allusions to personages of distinction well known, and to circumstances familiar to everybody. From 1579-97, in a space of eighteen years, it passed through five different editions.

In our days the little book is still interesting, but for other reasons. Firstly, as the earliest work of importance by the writer of "The Faerie Queene." Secondly, because, as Dean Church in his "Life of Spenser" appropriately observes, it marks a "turning-point" in the history of English literature; twenty years had passed since the publication of Tottel's Miscellany, and the appearance of the "Shepheardes Calender" gave a new impulse to English Poetry. Thirdly, from the mysterious circumstances connected with its publication.

It is well known that the attempts to identify "E. K." the so-called friend of Spenser, whose commentary appeared with the Calender, have given rise to many suppositions and disputes. Some have said "E. K." means E. King; others have asserted "E. K." means Edward Kirke or Kerke, and this for no other reason than that there was a man of such name living in Cambridge in Spenser's time. Very few only, and among them

G. L. Craik, ventured, even at the risk of being laughed at, to speak of the possibility that “E. K.” and E. Spenser might be identical.

In 1888, after the subject had been dropped for many years, Dr. Uhlemann, a German scholar, took it up again, and proved, as far as this is possible, that Spenser wrote himself the commentary, generally attributed to one of his friends.

In bringing out the present edition, it was chiefly my aim to make English students acquainted with this result. By kind permission of E. Maunde Thompson, Esq., the Principal Librarian of the British Museum, Mr. L. B. Fleming was allowed to photograph the volume.

H. OSKAR SOMMER.

99

CONTENTS.

	PAGE
INTRODUCTION	11
I. THE DIFFERENT EDITIONS OF "THE SHEP- HEARDES CALENDER"	11
II. THE AUTHOR OF THE COMMENTARY	15
THE PHOTOGRAPHIC FACSIMILE OF THE ORI- GINAL EDITION	27

INTRODUCTION.

I.

THE DIFFERENT EDITIONS OF "THE SHEPHEARDES CALENDAR."

ON December 5, 1579, "The Shepheardes Calender" was entered at Stationers' Hall¹ under the name of Hugh Singleton, who probably bought the book from the author or his friends. As the epistle of "E. K." is dated April 10, 1579, we may suppose that the volume passed in the interval the press. Neither in the entry nor on the title-page the author's name is mentioned, but on its *verso* some dedicatory verses are signed "Immerito." The title of this original edition is this:

1. The Shepheardes Calender. Conteining twelue *Æ*glogues proportionable to the twelve monethes. Entituled to the Noble and Vertuous Gentleman, most worthy of all titles, both of learning and cheualrie, M. Philip Sidney. (∴) At London. Printed by Hugh Singleton, dwelling in Creede Lane neere vnto Ludgate at the signe of the gylden Tunne, and are there to be solde. 1579. 4to.² This edition contains woodcut engravings before each of the twelve eclogues, appropriate to its contents. The poem is printed in black letter, the arguments in italics, the notes in Roman type. Title (with verses "To His Booke" on the back), one leaf; Epistle to Gabriel Harvey, two leaves; the General Argument, one leaf; and the poem on Sig. A1 to

¹ Transcript of the Registers of the Company of Stationers of London from 1554 to 1640 A.D., privately printed by Edward Arber, 1875, 4to, vol. ii. p. 362:—

5 December [1579].

Hughe Singelton: Lycenced vnto him the Shepperdes Calender conteyninge xij eclogues proportionable to the xij monethes—vj^d.

² Handbook to the Popular, Poetical, and Dramatic Literature of Great Britain, from the Invention of Printing to the Restoration. By W. C. Hazlitt. London, 1867, 8vo, p. 572.

N₄ in fours. There are four copies of this edition known to exist:—

1°. No. 11,532 of the Grenville Collection of the British Museum, from which the present edition is photographed.¹

2°. In the Bodleian Library, Oxford.²

3°. No. 293, Capell, T. 9, in the Library of Trinity College, Cambridge.³

4°. No. 427 of the Huth Library.⁴

The next four editions are published by John Harrison the younger, to whom, according to the Registers of Stationers' Hall, Hugh Singleton assigned the book.⁵ The second edition is very much like the first, and the same woodcuts precede the single eclogues. It has this title:—

2. The Shepheardes Calender. Conteining twelue *Æ*glogues proportionable to the twelue Monethes. Entituled to the Noble and Vertuous Gentleman, most worthy of all titles, both of learning and cheualrie, M. Philip Sydney. ∵ Imprinted at London by Thomas East, for John Harrison the younger, dwelling Pater noster Roe, at the signe of the Anker, and are there to bee solde. 1581. Also this second edition is rare. There are copies of it in the Grenville Collection, in the Bodleian, Trinity College, and Huth Libraries. It is similarly arranged as the first edition. The Title occupies one leaf; the Epistle to Harvey, two leaves; and the General Argument, one leaf. The volume has 52 folios. The poem is printed in black letter, the Arguments in italics, the Commentary in Roman type.

3. The Shepheardes Calender. Conteining twelve *Æ*glogues proportionable to the twelue Monethes. Entituled To the noble and vertuous Gentleman, most worthie of all titles, both of

¹ Catalogue of the Grenville Library, under "Spenser."

² Catalogus Impressorum Librorum in Bibl. Bodleiana, vol. iii. p. 520.

³ Rob. Sinker, Early English Printed Books in the Library of Trinity College. Cambridge, 1885, 8vo, p. 105.

⁴ Catalogue of the Huth Library. London, 1880, 4to, vol. iv. p. 1385.

⁵ Transcript. Reg. of Comp. Stat., &c., vol. ii. p. 380:

29 October [1581].

John harrison: Assigned ouer from hugh Singleton to have the sheppardes callender, which was hughe Singleton's copie.—vj^d.

learning and chualry, Maister Philip Sidney. Imprinted at London by John Wolfe for John Harrison the yonger, dwelling in Pater noster Roe, at the signe of the Anker. 1586. 4to. Contrary to this statement, we read on folio 52: "Imprinted at London by Thomas East for John Harrison," etc. With very slight differences, arranged as the first and second editions.

4. The Shepheards Calender, Conteining twelue Aeglogues proportionable to the twelue Monethes. Entitvled To the noble and vertuous Gentleman, most worthie of all titles, both of learning and chualry, Maister Philip Sidney. London, Printed by John Windet for John Harrison the yonger, dwelling in Pater noster Roe, etc. 1591. 4to.

5. The Shepheards Calendar. Conteining twelve Aeglogues, proportionable to the twelve Moneths. Entituled to the noble and vertuous Gentleman, &c. London. Printed by Thomas Creede for John Harrison the yonger, dwelling Pater noster Roe, at the signe of the Anchor, etc. 1597. 4to. The British Museum copy contains Latin translation in MS.

In 1611, together with some other poems, the Shepheardes Calender appeared for the first time with the poet's name attached to it; this volume has the title: The Faerie Qveen: The Shepheards Calendar; Together with the other Works of England's Arch-Poët, Edm. Spenser. ¶ Collected into one Volume, and carefully corrected. Printed by H. L. for Mathew Lownes. Anno Dom. 1611, fol. This volume is dedicated to Queen Elizabeth thus: To the Most High, Mightie, and Magnificent Emperesse, Renouned for Pietie, Vertve, and all Graciovs Government: Elizabeth, By the Grace of God, Queene of England, France, and Ireland, and of Virginia: Defender of the Faith, &c. Her most humble Seruaunt, Edmund Spenser, doth in all humilitie dedicate, present, and consecrate these his labours, to liue with the eternitie of her Fame.¹

In 1653 Spenser's book came out with a Latin translation in verse:

¹ In this edition the woodcuts that were made for the original edition were used for the last time. The "Faerie Queen," the "Shepheards Calendar," and the "Prosopopeia" are each separately paged. Several of the minor pieces have separate title-pages, and are without pagination.

The Shepheards Calendar, &c., by Edmund Spenser, Prince of English Poets, accompanying "Calendarium Pastorale, sive *Æglogæ* duodecim, totidem anni mensibus accomodatae. Anglice olim scriptæ ab Edmundo Spensero, Anglorum Poetarum Principe; nunc autem eleganti Latino carmine donatæ à Theodoro Bathurst, Aulae Pembrokianæ apud Cantabrigienses aliquando socio. Londini M. M. T. C. & C. Bedell, ad Portam Medii-Templi in vico vulgo vocato Fleetstreet. Anno Dom. 1653." 8vo. The editor of this translation, as well as the original, appears to have been, by the preface, William Dillingham, of Emanuel College, who in the same year was elected Master of that Society. At the end of the volume a Glossary, or Alphabetical Index of unusual words, is added. The Epistle to Harvey, the General Argument, and the Commentary are not in this edition. The whole is printed in Roman type, and contains 147 pages.

This edition was reprinted in 1732 by John Ball, with the addition of a Latin dissertation: "De Vita Spenseri, et Scriptis," and an "augmented Glossary." On the title-page below, the words: "Typis Londiniensibus. Prostant apud Ch. Rivington, & John Knapton, Bibliop. & T. Fletcher, Oxon." No date is given, but the volume appeared also with another title-page, on which 1732 and the printer's name, W. Bowyer, are given.

Besides these separate editions, the Shepherdes Calendar has been reprinted with all the editions of the complete works of Spenser,¹ the best known of which are Todd's (1805), Collier's, (1862), Hales' (1869), and Grosart's (1882), and with all editions of his poetical works.²

In our own time, Professor Henry Morley edited the "Shepheardes Calender," 1888, separately, for Cassell's National Library (12mo).

¹ According to the General Catalogue of the British Museum Library, there exist about ten different editions of the complete works, and about fifteen of the poetical works of Spenser; so that altogether the "Shepheardes Calendar" has been printed thirty-five times in three hundred years.

² H. J. Todd's ed., 8 vols., Lond., 1805, 8vo; J. P. Collier's ed., 5 vols., Lond., 1862, 8vo; J. W. Hales' Globe ed., 1 vol., Lond., 1869, 8vo; A. B. Grosart's ed., Lond. and Aylesbury, 1882, 4to.

II.

THE COMMENTATOR OF "THE SHEPHEARDES CALENDER."

THE "Shepheardes Calender" was from its first appearance accompanied by "the Glosse," or an explanatory commentary, written by "E. K.," who professes to be a friend of the poet. Nobody knew who "E. K." was, and, as far as we could ascertain, about that time nobody was inquisitive to know, perhaps owing to the fact that the poet's name itself, which was naturally of greater interest, was hidden behind the pseudonym "Immerito."

Many years after—the date cannot be fixed—people commenced to inquire about "E. K.," and tried to penetrate the veil with which the pseudo-commentator's personality is surrounded. Successively several suppositions were then made, till it was discovered that about Spenser's time there lived at Pembroke Hall, Cambridge, a certain Edward Kirke or Kerke, though really beyond a few dates¹ nothing whatever was known about this Kirke. This discovery put a stop to any further critical investigation. Edward Kirke was the "E. K." alluded to in the letters of Spenser to Harvey,² and he was proclaimed the author of

¹ Cooper's *Athenæ Cantabrigienses*, Cambridge, 1858 and 1861, 8vo, vol. ii. 244-245:—

"Edward Kirke matriculated as a sizar of Pembroke Hall in November 1571, subsequently removed to Caius College, and as a member of the latter house, proceeded B.A. 1574-5, and commenced M.A. 1578." (Comp. *Biograph. Brit.*, 3804, 3805, 3814. *Calendars of the Proceedings in Chancery in the Reign of Queen Elizabeth*, Lond., 1827, fol. i. 73, ii. 125. Haslewood, *Ancient Critical Essays*, Lond. 1815, 4to, vol. ii. p. 262 and 288. W. Oldys' *Brit. Librarian*, Lond., 1738, 8vo, p. 87 and 90.—Comp. also *Notes and Queries*, 2nd Series, ix., June 21, 1860; 3rd Series, vii., June 24, 1865.)

² "Three proper and wittie familiar Letters," &c., and in the same volume: "Two other very commendable Letters," &c. Lond., 1580, 8vo.

In the letter dated April 10, 1580:—

I. "'E. K.' heartily desyreth to be commended vnto your Whorshippe: of

"the Glosse." Thus from edition to edition of Spenser's works this was repeated as a fact; nobody ever thought of going again deeply into the matter; indeed, if anybody doubted it, he was afraid of expressing his opinion for fear of being laughed at.

It is interesting to read some of the accounts given by Spenser students on this point.

Todd¹ writes: "Some have been led to assign the name of Edward Kerke to the old scholiast. Some also have not failed to suppose that King might be the name." He himself leaves the point undecided, and generally speaks of the commentator "E. K."

Collier² says: "The discovery of the name of a person in Spenser's own college, whose initials correspond with the 'E. K.' placed at the end of the epistle to Gabriel Harvey introducing the 'Shepheardes Calender,' puts an end to the absurd speculations³ hazarded by some critics that Spenser had in fact been his own editor, and consequently his own laudator, and to the scarcely less improbable notion that G. Harvey had penned the letter to himself."

Hales,⁴ in his biography of Spenser, says: "These poems are whome, what accompte he maketh youre selfe shall hereafter perceiue, by hys paynefull and dutifull Verses to your selfe."

2. "Thus muche was written at Westminster yesternight: but coming this morning, beeyng the sixteenth of October to Mystresse Kerkes to haue it deliuered to the Carrier, I receyued youre letter, sente me the laste weeke."

3. "You may always send them most safely to me by Mistresse Kerke, and by none other."

The other reference is in the postscriptum:—

"I take best my Dreames shoulde come forthe alone, being growen by meanes of the Glosse (running continually in maner of Paraphrase) full as great as my Calender. Therin be some things excellently, and many things wittily discoursed of E. K.," &c. (These letters are reprinted by J. Haslewood, Lond., 1811, 4to, in *Anc. Crit. Essays upon Engl. Poets and Poesy*, and in vol. i. of Dr. Grosart's edition of the works of Gabriel Harvey.)

¹ Todd, Spenser's Works, Lond., 1805, vol. i. p. xxi. note.

² J. Payne Collier, The Complete Works of Spenser, vol. i. p. xl.

³ Rob. Nares, A Glossary or Collection of Words, Phrases, Names, and Allusions to Customs, Proverbs, etc., in English Authors. London, new edit. enlarged by J. O. Halliwell and Th. Wright, 1859, 8vo, p. 334: under "Frembd," "Spenser was probably his own commentator;" under "Mister," "his own Glossary."

⁴ J. W. Hales, Life of Spenser, in Morris's Globe edition, Lond., 1869, 8vo.

ushered into the world by Spenser's college friend (in Cambridge), Edward Kirke, for such no doubt is the true interpretation of the initials 'E. K.'"

Grosart,¹ in a special article, "Notices of Edward Kirke," &c., writes: "Connecting the full name of 'Mystresse Kerke' (*bis*)—a mere variant spelling of 'Kirke'—with E. K. (also *bis*) of these letters, it has been long accepted that E. K., who was (probably) editor and (certainly) Glosse-writer of the 'Shepheardes Calender,' was an Edward Kirke, contemporary with Spenser and Harvey at the University of Cambridge. I have been unable to verify who first thus appropriated the initials; but certes such appropriation commends itself, as against the fantastic and impossible theories whereby Spenser himself is made out to have been his own Glosse-writer, the absurdity culminating in that of 'Notes and Queries,'² which gravely reads E. K. as 'Edmund Kalenderer' (?)."

More moderately, though not yet decidedly, Craik,³ after having mentioned that some people advanced the opinion that the poet and the commentator are the same person, continues: "It does not seem to us to be impossible, or very improbable. Such a device, by which the poet might communicate to the public many things requisite for the full understanding of his poetry, which he could not have openly stated in his own name, and at the same time leave whatever else he chose vague and uncertain, or at least indistinctly declared, had manifest conveniences. If he had really a friend who could do this for him, good and well; but no one would know so well as himself in all cases what to disclose and what to withhold, and he would perhaps be more

¹ Grosart, Spenser's Works, vol. iii. p. cviii. Besides the few dates given about Kirke in the *Athen. Cantab.*, Grosart adds, "The only other bit of new biographic fact is that Edward Kirke became Rector of the parish of Risby in Suffolk." Subjoined is Kirke's Will and Epitaph.

² *Notes and Queries*, 5th Series, vi., Nov. 4, 1876, p. 365:—

"The gloss or explanatory commentary prefixed to the earlier editions of the several eclogues is subscribed 'E. K.', intended, not improbably, for the poet himself, the initials signifying here Edmund the Kalenderer," &c.

³ Geo. L. Craik, Spenser and his Poetry. London, 1845, 3 vols. 12mo, vol. i. pp. 34-35.

likely therefore to perform the office himself than intrust it to any friend. As for the real vanity, or whatever else it may be, with which he is chargeable, it would be very nearly of the same amount whether he thus actually sounded his own praises or got another to do it for him, although the indecorum might be less in the latter case. On this supposition, E. K.'s 'painful and dutiful verses,' spoken of in the letter of the 16th October 1579, may be merely a long Latin poem addressed to Harvey by Spenser himself, under the character or signature of 'Immerito,' and transmitted in the same letter. However, it is impossible to affirm anything for certain upon this matter; and perhaps the manner in which Spenser speaks to Harvey, in a passage already quoted, of the Gloss of the same E. K. upon his *Dreams*, may seem rather adverse to the conclusion that he is himself that friendly commentator. At the same time it is strange that even in writing to Harvey he should always so carefully keep to this imperfect mode of indication; he is not in the habit of naming Sidney or Dyer and his other friends by their initials; it seems impossible not to infer that there is some mystery—that more is meant than meets the eye."

So far the opinions or statements of those who by an intimate acquaintance with Spenser's poetry ought to be best qualified to decide the question who "E. K." was; but can any critic be satisfied with them? They all agree that "E. K." must have been an intimate and chosen friend of the poet, as every page of the *Gloss* shows, and that for no other reason than that this "E. K." describes himself as such, and because they cannot reconcile themselves with the idea that Spenser could have been capable of such an action. Supposing they were all right, why did not Spenser in later years, when it was long known that he wrote the *Eclogues*, disclose also his friend's name? The devoted friend is nowhere mentioned after 1580 in any of Spenser's writings. If Spenser was anxious to conceal that he wrote the "Glosse," must we not naturally imagine that he did all in his power to make the illusion complete,¹ and to avoid as far as he

¹ The remarks, therefore, which Spenser makes in the letter already published in 1580 about E. K. are of no value at all.

could everything that might lead to a disclosure? Further, the initials "E. K." were connected with a certain Edward Kirke for no other reason than that he was a contemporary of the poet. Nobody has ever proved that a friendship existed between Kirke and Spenser, but the enigma, one must admit, can through this hypothesis be very conveniently explained. I do not think that I am unjust in saying all those statements, Craik's excepted, are bare of any criticism, for if there were no reasons to be found for the identity of Spenser and Kirke, certainly it is no less absurd speculation to advance the one hypothesis than to be in favour of the other; and however strange it may appear to us if we read "E. K.'s" epistle, and see him spoken of by Spenser in the letters referred to above, it is neither impossible nor improbable, but a fact, that Spenser wrote the "Glosse" without being guilty of any contemptible action. As all great poets, Spenser was in advance of his age. He saw clearly in his mind the difficulties with which he would have to contend in appearing before the world, unknown, in controversy with the existing opinions and fashions, a declared enemy of the University pedantry and the affectations of the Court. Fully conscious of his poetical abilities, and feeling that he was destined to fulfil a literary mission, he wrote the Commentary, in order to draw the attention of his contemporaries to his work, to be better able to point out to them how he meant to deal with style and form.¹ To successfully reach his purpose, he profited by the love of mystery and allegory, a

¹ Spenser intended to introduce pastoral poetry into England (though this had already been attempted long before him by the Benedictine monk Alexander Barclay and others; comp. Sommer, *Erster Versuch über die englische Hirten-dichtung*, Marburg, 1888, 8vo, p. 20); hence his defence of this "new" kind of poetry and his detailed description in the Epistle to Harvey. Publishing some years later the first books of the "Faerie Queene," he accompanied them by a preface in the shape of a letter to Raleigh: "Sir, knowing how doutfully all Allegories may be construed [perhaps he had some experience from his "Shepheardes Calender"], and this book of mine . . . being a continued Allegory, . . . I have thought good, as well for avoyding of gealous opinions and misconstructions, as for your better light in reading thereof, . . . to discover vnto you the general intention and meaning, which in the whole course thereof I have fashioned. . . ." Had he thought it wise to disclose his name in 1579, he would have commenced his preface in very much the same way.

prominent feature of Elizabethan literature, and I believe did no great wrong.

I shall now proceed to adduce, following Uhlemann,¹ arguments that my supposition concerning "E. K." is correct.

1. The recent investigations and researches by Kluge and Reissert² concerning Spenser's sources, both published in the *Anglia*, have shown that the commentator's references to the poet's authorities are in several cases inaccurate or even wrong. As I shall perhaps have an opportunity of treating more fully about this subject later, it may here suffice to give a few examples. In the eleventh eclogue, "E. K." says Spenser has copied or imitated Theocritus, whereas Kluge proves that Mantuan has been the poet's model. In the twelfth eclogue a few verses are said to have been taken from Vergil, but actually they are taken from Marot, &c. How can these facts be accounted for, especially if we bear in mind that "E. K." is generally accurate to the detail? Very well, when we assume that "E. K." is Spenser himself. In the "Epistle" the sources are all stated as Theocritus, Vergil, Mantuan, Petrarca, Boccaccio, Marot, Sanazarus, and "also divers other excellent both Italian and French Poetes, whose foting this Author every where followeth;" "yet," he continues, "so as few, but they be well sented can trace him out." For this latter reason, Spenser thought it necessary to here and there point out to his readers the very passages he imitated, and this he did from memory, not having his models at hand, and thus we can explain why his quotations are not always correct and complete. Besides, to judge Spenser, we must adopt another point of view than we would as regards a modern poet. The literary decorum was in the sixteenth century different. Poets profited by their predecessors more than we would consider decent now-a-days, and they did not take care to quote their authorities. So, e.g., Chaucer and Lydgate did, as Kissner, Ten Brink, and Koeppel have proved. Compared to them

¹ Dr. Uhlemann, *Der Verfasser des Kommentars zu Spenser's "Shepheardes Calender,"* Jahresbericht, No. xiii. des Königl. Kaiser Wilhelms Gymnasiums zu Hannover, 1888, Progr. No. 292.

² Kluge, *Anglia*, vol. iii. pp. 266-274; Reissert, *Anglia*, vol. ix. pp. 205-224.

Spenser has been scrupulous. The illustrious poet Alexander Pope, many years after Spenser, did a far greater wrong by giving such references to his models as were intended to mislead his readers.

2. In his notes to the Eclogues of January, October, and November, "E. K." refers often to the writings of Plato. He quotes especially the Dialogues "Alcibiades," "De Legibus," and "Phædon." All these references, particularly those in the first and tenth Eclogue, show distinctly that their writer was intimately acquainted with Plato's works. Such a knowledge of Plato was in Spenser's age by no means so common as in our days; but of Spenser we know from his own statements (comp. Preface to the "Faerie Queene"), and from Bryskett's "Discourse of Civill Life"¹ written between 1584-89, that he was well versed with Greek philosophy, and devoted himself with zeal and pleasure to the study of Plato. Also in his "Fowre Hymnes"² Spenser expresses thoughts concerning true love very similar to those expressed on this subject in his notes to the Eclogues of January; and these hymns, though only published in 1596, were partly written in his earlier days, as he states in his preface, "Having in the greener times of my youth composed these former Hymnes in the praise of Love and Beautie." Is it after these reflections not more reasonable to suppose that Spenser himself wrote the Commentary than to attribute it to an "E. K.," about whom and about whose knowledge of Plato we have no knowledge whatever?

3. Between the Epistle to G. Harvey and the text of the

¹ Lodowick Bryskett's Discourse of Civill Life: "Yet is there a gentleman in this company, whom I have had often a purpose to intreat, that as his leisure might serve him, he would vouchsafe to spend some time with me to intrust me in some hard points which I cannot of myselfe understand; knowing him to be not onely perfect in the Greek tongue, but also very well read in Philosophie both morall and naturall" (Todd's Life of Spenser, vol. i. p. lviii.).

² Compare, e.g., the 26th stanza:—

"For love is Lord of truth and loialtie,
Lifting himselfe out of the lowly dust
On golden plumes up to the purest skie,
Above the reach of loathly sinful lust," &c.

“Shepheardes Calender” is the “General Argument of the Whole Book,” treating chiefly of the history of the “Calender.” An article about the signification of the word “eclogue,” which, according to “E. K.,” has etymologically to be spelled “aigloga,” concludes with the words, “Other curious discourses hereof I reserve to greater occasion.” What greater occasion is meant? There appears to be a reference to some unpublished treatise on poetry. Of an “E. K.,” whoever he may be, we do not know by any record that he ever wrote or intended to write such a work; but Spenser had finished about that time his unfortunately lost work, “The English Poet,” which is described as to its title and contents in the Eclogue of October: “In Cuddie is set out the perfect patern of a Poet, which, finding no maintenance of his state and studies, complaineth of the contempt of Poetrie, and the causes thereof: Specially having bene in all ages, and even the most barbarous, alwaies of singular account and honour, and being indeed so worthie and commendable an art, or rather no art, but a divine gift and heavenly instinct not to be gotten by labour and learning, but adorned with both; and poured into the witte by a certaine Enthousiasmos and celestiall inspiration, as the Author hereof else where at large discourseth in his booke called ‘The English Poet,’ which booke being lately come in to my hands, I minde also by God’s grace, upon further advisement to publish.” From this we may conclude that one part of the lost work, “The English Poet,” treated about the high vocation of the poet. In the “glosse” to the eclogue of October, “E. K.” terminates a long remark to the words “For ever,” thus: “Such honour have Poets alwayes found in the sight of Princes and noble men, which this author here verie well sheweth, as else where more notably.” This “else where” can only refer to “The English Poet,” as none of Spenser’s works which we possess treats a similar subject, and among his lost ones it can only allude to “The English Poet.” As it is impossible to find any trace of such a work by an “E. K.,” I think we may reasonably suppose that “E. K.” is Spenser.

4. One may say that the arguments hitherto given are not

absolutely convincing; the following is certainly so. In the notes to the Eclogue of May, "E. K." mentions as source for the verses:

"Tho with them wends what they spent in cost,
But what they left behind them is lost,"

an epithet of Sardanapalus, which Cicero thus translates:

"Hæc habui quæ edi, quæque exaturata libido,
Hausit, at illa manent multa ac præclara relicta."

"These verses may thus be rendered into English," continues "E. K."

"All that I eate did I joy, and all that I greedily gorged:
As for those many goodly matters least I for others."

As it is obvious, the English translation is an imitation of the Latin distich. Now we know from the correspondence between Harvey and Spenser that the former endeavoured to introduce antique metres into English poetry, and that the latter attempted to carry out these theories.¹ Is not this a reason to attribute the translation of the Latin distich rather to Spenser than to an unknown person? Fortunately we have in this case a certain proof at hand. In the letter dated April 10, 1580, Spenser communicates a little poem to his friend Harvey, in which he tried the antique metre, and says: "Seeme they comparable to those two which I translated you extempore in bed, the last time we lay togither in Westminster?

"That which I eate did I joy, and that which I greedily gorged,
As for those many goodly matters least I for others."

This translation corresponds to that owned by "E. K." word for word—except for the change of "all that" to "that which,"—and this proves that "E. K." and Spenser are identical.

Further, in the Eclogue of April, "E. K." or Spenser remarks: "Bay branches be the signe of honour and victorie, and there-

¹ Letter of October 15, 1579, ". . . I am, of late, more in love wyth my Englishe versifying, than with ryming: whyche I should have done long since, if I would then have followed your councell."

fore of mightie conquerours worne in their triumphs, and eke of famous poets, as saith Petrarch in his Sonets :—

“ Arbor vittoriosa triomphale,
Honor d’Imperatori et di Poeti,” etc.

The same Italian verses are quoted in Harvey’s third letter to Spenser, where he says, in order to encourage his friend : “ Think upon Petrarch’s Arbor vittoriosa triomfale, Onor, etc., and perhappes it will advaunce the wynges of your Imagination a degree higher.” Harvey thus apparently takes it for granted that Spenser is well versed with the said verses of Petrarch, and this either because of his personal intercourse and correspondence with him, or because he knew that Spenser was the writer of the “ Glosse ” to the “ Shepheardes Calender,” which latter is under the circumstances more probable.¹

The identity of “ E. K. ” with Edmund Spenser is nowhere in contradiction with the form and the contents of the commentary.

If we allow that Spenser wrote the commentary, we can understand the enthusiastic tone of the “ General Argument,” and of the note to the words “ For ever,” in the tenth Eclogue. A mere commentator would never have been so deeply penetrated with a sense of the high vocation and importance of the poet.

¹ Searching in *Notes and Queries*, I came across the following suggestion, Sept. 9, 1854, 1st Series, vol. x. pp. 204-205 : “ In the ‘ Glosse ’ of the Eclogue of April, Rosalind is spoken of as deserving to be commended to immortality as much as Myrto or Petrarch’s Laura, ‘ or Himera the worthy poet Stesichorus his idol, upon whom he is said so much to have doted, that in regard of her excellencie, he scorned and wrote against the beautie of Helena. For which his presumptuous and unheedie hardinesse, he is sayd by vengeance of the gods, thereat being offended, to have lost both his eies.’ If we compare these latter lines with verses 919-924 of ‘ Colin Clout’s come home againe : ’—

‘ And well I wote, that oft I heard it spoken,
How one, that fairest Helene did revile,
Through iudgement of the gods to been ywroken,
Lost both his eyes and so remaynd long while,
Till he recanted had his wicked rimes,
And made amends to her with treble praise,’

we are led to think that both came from the same pen.”

It no longer excites surprise that the merits of G. Harvey, not to mention others,¹ are so much expounded in the Epistle and in the notes. If "E. K." were not Spenser himself, he would have carefully avoided darkening the poet by praising others at his expense, but Spenser doing it himself simply expressed his gratitude to his best friend Harvey.

Thus we now know that "E. K." means Edmund Spenser, and this result enables us to say that all allusions to the life and works of Spenser contained in the "Glosse" are genuine and valuable material for the completion of his biography, whereas the letters between him and Harvey have to be used with great care. But it still continues an open question why Spenser took these letters, or what is meant by them. Most probably this will remain an enigma, like the mysterious "W. H." of the dedication to Shakspere's Sonnets.

¹ Eclogue for January: Sir Tho. Smith; in the third Eclogue: Angelus Politianus.

THE
Shepheardes Calender

Conteyning twelue Eglogues proportionable
to the twelve monethes.

Entituled
TO THE NOBLE AND VERTV-
ous Gentleman most worthy of all titles
both of learning and cheualrie M.
Philip Sidney.
(. .)



AT LONDON.
Printed by Hugh Singleton, dwelling in
Creede Lane neare vnto Ludgate at the
signe of the gylden Tunne, and
are there to be sold.

1579.



TO HIS BOOKE.

Goe little booke: thy selfe present,
As child whose parent is vnkent :
To him that is the president
Of noblesse and of cheualree ,
And if that Enuie barke at thee ,
As sure it will, for succoure flee .

Under the shadow of his wing ,
And aske, who thee forth did bring ,
A shepheards swaine saye did thee sing ,
All as his straying flocke he fedde :
And when his honor has thee redde ,
Craue pardon for my hardyhedde .

But if that any aske thy name ,
Say thou wert base begot with blame :
For thy thereof thou takest shame .
And when thou art past ieopardee ,
Come tell me, what was sayd of mee :
And I will send more after thee .

Immerito.

The generall argument of the whole booke.



Item I hope, needeth me at large to discourse the first Originall of Æglogues, having alreadie touched the same. But for the vword Æglogues I knowv is vñknownen to most, and also mistaken of some the best learned (as they think) I vvyll say somevhat thereof, being not at all impertinēt to my present purpose.

They vvere first of the Greekes the inuentours of them called Æglogai as it vvere *αιγλα* or *αιγλαχει*. that is Gotcheards tales. For although in Virgile and others the speakers be most shepheards, and Gotcheards, yet Theocritus in whom is more ground of authoritie, then in Virgile, this specially from that deriuing, as from the first head and vvelspring the vwhole Interpretacion of his Æglogues, maketh Gotcheards the persons and authors of his tales. This being, vwho seeth not the grossenesse of such as by colour of learning would make vs beleeue that they are more rightly termed Eclogai, as they vwould say, extraordinary discourses of vnnescessarie matter, vwhich definition albe in substance and meaning it agree with the nature of the thing, yet nowhrit answereth with the *αιγλα* and interpretation of the word. For they be not termed Eclogues, but Æglogues, vwhich sentence this authour very vwell obseruynge, vpon good judgement, though indeede few Gotcheards haue to doe herein, nethelesse doubteth not to cal the by the vised and best knowven name. Other curious discourses hereof I reserue to greater occasion. These xij. Æglogues every where answering to the seasons of the twelue monthes may be vwell diuided into three formes or ranckes. For eyther they be Plaintive, as the first, the sixt, the eleuenth, & the twelvth, or recreatiue such as al those be, vwhich conceiue matter of loue, or commendation of special personages, or Moral: vwhich for the most part be mixed with some Satyrical bitternesse, namely the second of reuERENCE devve to oldage, the fift of coloured deceipt, the seventh and ninth of dissolute shepheards & pastours, the tenth of contempt of Poetrie & pleasant vvis. And to this diuision may euery thing herein be reasonably applyed: A few onely except, vwhose speciall purpose and meaning I am not priuie to. And thus much generally of these xij. Æglogues. Now vwill vve speake particularly of all, and first of the first. vwhich he calleth by the first monethes name Ianuarie: wherin to some he may seeme sovly to haue faulted, in that he erroniously beginneth with that moneth, vwhich beginneth not the yeare. For it is wel known, and stouterly mainteyned vwith stonge reasons of the learned, that the yeare beginneth in March. for then the sonne renewveth his finished course, and the seasonable spring reserfeth the earth, and the plesaunce thereof being buried in the sadnesse of the dead winter nowv evorne avay, reliueth. This opinion mayntaine the olde Astrologers and Philosophers, namely the reverend Andro, and Macrobius in his holydayes of Saturne, which accoumpt also vvas generally obserued both of Grecians and Romans. But sauing the leaue of such learned heads, vve mayntaine a custome of countynge the seasons from the moneth Ianuary, vpon a more speciall cause, then the heathen Philosophers euer coulde conceiue, that is, for the incarnation of our mighty Sauiour and eternall redeemer the L. Christ, vwho as then renewing the state of the decayed vworld, and returning the copasse of expired yeres to theyr former date and first commencement, left to vs his heires a memorall of his birth in the ende of the last yeere and beginning of the next. vwhich reckoning, beside that eternall monument of our saluation, leaneþ also vpon good proofe of

Special iudgement. For albeit that in elder times, vwhen as yet the coumpt of the yere was
not perfected, as aftervwarde it was by Iulius Cæsar, they began to tel the monethes from
Marches begining, and according to the same God (as is layd in Scripture) comaunded
the people of the Ieues to count the moneth Abil, that vwhich vve call March, for the
first moneth, in remembraunce that in that moneth he brought them out of the land of
Ægypt: yet according to tradition of latter times it hath bene otherwyse obserued, both
in gouernment of the church, and rule of Mightyest Realmes. For from Iulius Cæsar
vwho first obserued the leape yere vwhich he called Bissextilm Annum, and brought in
to a more certain course the odde vvaridng dayes vwhich of the Greekes vvere called
εφευ-ωττι. of the Romans intercalares (for in such matter of learning I am forced to
use the termes of the learned) the monethes hatic bene nombrē xij. vwhich in the first
ordinaunce of Romulus vvere but tene, counting but CCCiiij. dayes in every yere,
and beginning with March. But Numa Pompilius, vwho was the father of al the Romain
ceremonies and religion, seeing that reckoning to agree neither vwith the course of the
sonne, nor of the Moone, shewynge added two monethes, January and February: wher-
in it seemeth, that vvisc king minded vpon good reason to begin the yere at Januarie, of
him therefore so called tanquam Ianua anni the gate and entraunce of the yere, or of the
name of the god Janus, to which god for that the old Paynims attributed the byrth &
beginning of all creatures newv comming into the wvorld, it seemeth that he therefore
to him assigned the beginning and first entraunce of the yere: vwhichraccount for the
most part lieth hetherto continueth. Notwithstanding that the Ægyptians beginne theyr
yeare at September, for that according to the opinion of the best Rabbins, and very pur-
pose of the scripture selfe; God made the wvorld in that Moneth, that is called of them
Tisri. And therefore he comaunded them, to keepe the feast of Pauilions in the end of
the yere, in the xv. day of the seventh moneth, vwhich before that time was the first.

But our Authour respecting nether the subtiltie of thone parte, nor the antiquitie of
thother, thinketh it fitteſt according to the ſimplicitie of common ynderſtanding, to be-
gin vwith Ianuarie, wening it perhaps no decorū, that Sepheard ſhould be ſene in mat-
ter of ſo deepe iuſtice, or cauafe a caſe of ſo doubtful iudgment. So therefore beginneth
he, & ſo continueth he throughout.



To the most excellent and learned both

Dicator and Poete, Mayster Gabiell Haruey, his
verie special and singular good frend E. K. commen-
deth the good lyking of this his labour,
and the patronage of the
new Poete.

(v.)



NON COV THE VNKISTE, Sayde the olde famous Poete
Chaucer: vvhom for his excellencie and wunderfull skil in making
his scholler Lidgate, a wyorthy scholler of so excellent a maister, cal-
leth the Loadstarre of our Language: and vvhom our Colin clout in
his Aeglogue calleth Tityrus the God of shepheards, comparing hym
to the worthines of the Roman Tityrus Virgile. VVhich proverbe,
myne owne good friend Ma. Haruey, as in that good old Poete it ser-
ued vwell Pandares purpose, for the bolstering of his baudy brocage, so very vwell taketh
place in this our nevv Poete, vvhio for that he is vncouthie (as said Chaucer) is vnkist, and
vniknown to most me, is regarded but offewr. But I dout not; so soone as his name shall
come into the knovvledg of men, and his vvorthines be sounded in the tromp of fame,
but that he shall be not only kiste, but also beloued of all, embrased of the most, and
vvondred at of the best. No less I thinke, deserueth his vvittinesse in devising his pitchi-
ness in vtering his complaints of loue so louely, his discourses of pleasure so pleasantly,
his pastorall rudenesse, his morall vvisenesse, his devy obseruynge of Decorum enrye
vvhene, in personages, in seasons, in matter, in speach, and generally in al seemely simplic-
tie of handeling his matter, and franting his vvords: the vvhich of many thinges which
in him be straunge, I know vwill seeme the straungeſt, the vvords them selues being so
auncient, the knyting of them so short and intricate, and the vvhole Periode & compasse
of speache so delightfome for the roundnesse, and so graue for the straungenesse. And
fiste of the vvordes to speake, I graunt they be something hard, and of most men vnuited,
yet both English, and also vſed of most excellent Authors and most famous Poetes. In
vvhom vwhenas this our Poet hath bene much traueilid and throughly redd, how could
it be, (as that wyorthy Oratour sayde) but that vvalking in the sonne although for other
cause he vvalked, yet needes he sought be sunburnit; and having the sound of those auncient
Poetes still ringing in his eares, he sought needes in singing hit out some of theyr
tunes. But whether he vſeth them by such casuallte and custome, or of set purpose and
choyse, as thinking them fittest for such rusticall rudenesse of shepheards, eyther for that
theyr rough sounde vwould make his rymes more ragged, and rusticall, or els because such
olde and obsolete wordes are most vſed of country folke, sure I think, and think I think
not amisse, that they bring great grace and, as one vwould say, auctorite to the verſe. For
albe amongst many other faultes it specially be obiectid of Valla against Liuie, and of o-
ther against Saluste, that vvhich ouer much studie they affect antiquitie, as coueting there-
by credence and honor of elder yeeres, yet I am of opinion, and eke the best learned are
of the lyke, that those auncient soleyme wordes are a great ornament both in the one &
in the other; the one labouring to set forth in hys worke an eternall image of antiquitie,
and the other carefully discoursing matters of gratuite and importaunce. For if my memo-
ry sayle me, Tullie in that booke, vvhetherin he endeuoureth to set forth the paterne of a

¶.ii.

perfect

Epistle.

perfect Oratour, sayth that ofttimes an auncient worde maketh the style seeme gracie, and as it were reuertend: no otherwise then vve honour and reuerence gray beares for a certain religious tegard, which we haue of clde age. yet nether euery where must old words be stuzzed in, nor the comenien Dialecte and maner of speaking so corrupted therby, that as in old buildings it seeme disorderly & ruinous. But all as in most exquisite pictures they vse to blazē and portraict not onely the daintie lineaments of beaute, but also rounde about it to shadow the rude thickets and craggy clifts, that by the batenesse of such parts, more excellency may accrue to the principall; for ofttimes we fynde oureselues, I knowe not how, singularly delighted with the shewe of such naturall rudenesse, and take great pleasure in that disorderly order. Even so doe those rough and harsh termes enlumine and make more clearly to appeare the brightness of braue & glorious wrothes. So ofttimes a dischorde in Musick maketh a comely concordance: so great delight tooke the worthy Poete Alceus to behold a blemish in the ioynt of a wel shaped body. But if any vwill rashly blame such his purpose in choyse of old and vnewnted wrothes, him may I more iustly blame and condemne, or of vvitelsshe headinesse in iudging, or of beedelesse hardinesse in condemning, for not marking the compasse of hys bent, he vwil judge of the length of his cast, for in my opinion it is one special prayse, of many vvhich are dew to this Poete, that he hath laboured to restore, as to thei r rightfull heritage such good and naturall English words, as haue ben long time out of use & almost cleare disherited. VVhich is the onely cause, that our Mother tongue, which truely of it self is both ful enough for prose & stately enough for verse, hath long time ben couted most bare & barren of both, which default when as some endeauoured to sdue & recure, they patched vp the holes with peces & rags of other languages, borrowing here of the french, there of the Italian, euery where of the Latine, nor vveighing howv il, those tongues accord vwith themselves, but much vvorste vwith ours. So now they haue made our English tongue, a gallimaufrey or hodgepodge of al other speches. Other some no so wel seeme in the English tongue as perhaps in other languages, if the happen to here an olde wroth albeit very naturall and significant, crye our streight way, that we speak no English, but gibbrissh, or rather such, as in old time Euiders mother spake. vvhose first shame is, that they are not ashamed, in their own mother tongue straungers to be counted and alienes. The second shame no lesse then the first, that what so they vnderstand not, they streight vway deeme to be fencelesse, and not at al to be vnderstode. Much like to the Mole in *Æsopes* fable, that being blidn her selfe, vwould kno wifte be perswaded, that any beast could see. The last most shameful then both, that of their ovne country and natural speach, vvhich together vwith their Nources milk they sucked, they haue so base regard and bastard iudgement, that they vwill not onely themselues not labor to garnish & beautifie it, but also repine, that of other it shold be embel lished. Like to the dogge in the maunger, that him selfe can eate no hay, and yet barketh at the hungry bullock, that so faine vwould seede: vvhose currish kind though cannot be kept from barking, yet I conne them thanke that they refraine from byting.

Now for the knitting of sentences, vvhich they call the ioynts and members therof, and for al the compasse of the speach, it is round vwithout roughnesse, and learned wyth out hardnes, such indeede as may be perceiued of the leaste, vnderstoode of the moste, but iudged onely of the learned. For vwhat in most English wryters vseth to be loose, and as it were vngirt, in this Author is vwell grounded, finely framed, and strongly trussed vp together. In regard wherof, I scorne and spue out the rakehellye route of our ragged tymers (for so theselues vse to haue the letter) vvhich vwithout learning boste, vwithout iudgement

Epistle.

judgement iangle, without reason rage and sone, as if some instinct of Poeticall spirite had nevly rawished them aboue the meanenesse of commen capacite. And being in the middest of all theyr brauery, sodenly eyther for want of matter, or of ryme, or hauing for gorten theyr former concept, they seeme to be so pained and traueiled in theyr remembrance, as it vvere a woman in childebirth or as that same Pythia, vwhen the traunce came vpon her.

Os rabidum sera corda dormans &c.

Nethelless let them a Gods name feede on theyr ovne folly, so they seeke not to darcken the beames of others glory. As for Colin, vnder vwhose person the Authour selfe is shadowved, hovv furre he is from such vaunted titles and glorious shovves, both him selfe sheweth, vwhere he sayth.

Of Muses Hobbin. I conne no Skill.

And,

Enough is me to paint out my vnrest, &c.

And also appeareth by the basenesse of the name, vwherein it semeth, he chose rather to vsold great matter of argumēt couertly, then professing it, not suffice thereto accordingly. vwhich moued him rather in Æglogues, then other wise to vwrite, doubting perhaps his habilitie, which he little needed, or mynding to furnish our tongue vwith this kinde, wherein it faulteth, or followving the example of the best & most auncient Poetes, which devised this kind of wryting, being both so base for the matter, and homely for the manner, at the first to trye theyr habilitie? and as young birdes, that be nevly crept out of the nest, by little first to proue theyr tender vvyngs, before they make a greater flyght. So flevv Theocritus, as you may perceiue he vyas all ready full fledged. So flevv Virgile, as not yervell feeling his vvinges. So flevv Maniūane, as being not full soind. So Petrarque. So Boccace. So Marot, Sanazarus, and also diuers other excellent both Italian and French Poetes, vwhose foting this Author every vwhere followveth, yet so as few, but they be wel smented can trace him out. So finally flyeth this our newv Poete, as a bird, vwhose pincipals be scarregraven out, but yet as that in time shall be hable to keepe wing with the best.

Now as touching the generall dryft and purpose of his Æglogues, I mind not to say much, him selfe labouiring to conceale it. Onely this appeareth, that his vnstayed yongh had long vvaieded in the common Labyrinth of Loue, in vwhich time to mitigate and alleay the heate of his passion, or els to vwarne (as he sayth) the young shepheards & his equalls and companions of his vnsfortunate folly, he compiled these xij. Æglogues, vwhich for that they be proportioned to the stite of the xij. monethes, he termeth the SHEPHERD'S CALENDAR, applying an olde name to a newv worke. Heremunto haue I added a certain Glossie or scholion for the exposition of old wordes & harder phrasēs: vwhich manner of glossing and commenting, vvcil I vvote, vvil seeme straunge & rare in our tongue, yet for somuch as I knew many excellent & proper deuises both in wordes and matter vwould passe in the speedy course of reading, either as vnknoþer, or as not marked, and that in this kind, as in other vve might be equal to the learned of other nations, I thought good to take the paines vpon me, the rather for that by meanes of some familiar acquaintance I vvas made priuie to his counsell and secret meaning in them, as also in sundry other vworks of his, vwhich albeit I knowv he nothing so much hateth, as to promulgatē, yet thus much haue I aduentured vpon his freadship, him selfe being for long time sure estrangēd, hoping that this vwill the rather occasion him, to put forth diuers other excellent vworks of his, vwhich slepe in silence, as his Dreames, his Legedes, his Court of Cupide, and sondry others; vwhose commendations to set out, vvere verye

Epistle.

vayne; the thiages though vworthy of many, yet being knownen to few. These my present paynes is to any they be pleasurable or profitable, be you iudge, mine ovn good Maister Haruey, to vvhom I haue both in respect of your vwordinelle generally, and other vwyse vpon some particular & special considerations vouned this my labour, and the mayden-head of this our commen frends Poetrie, himselfe having already in the beginning dedicated it to the Noble and vworthy Gentleman, the right worshipfull M^r. Phi. Sidney, a special fauourer & maintainer of all kind of learning.) VVhose cause I pray you Sir, yf Enuie shall stir vp any wrongfull accusation, defend vwith your mighty Rhetorick & other your rare gifts of learning, as you can, & shield with your good vil, as you ought, against the malice and outrage of so many enemies, as I knovv vvilbe set on fire with the sparks of his kindled glory. And thus recomending the Author vnto you, as vnto his most special good frend, and my selfe vnto you both, as one making singular account of vvo so very good and so choise friends, I bid you both most harteley farwel, and commit you & your most commendable studiis to the tuicion of the greatest.

*Your owne assuredly to
be commaynded E. K.*

Post scr

Now I trust M. Haruey, that vpon sight of your speciall frends and fellow Poets doings, or els for enuie off so many vnworthy Quidams, vvhich catch at the garlond, vvhich to you alone is devye, you vwill be perswaded to pluck out of the hateful darknesse, those so many excellent English poemes of yours, vvhich ly hid, and bring the forth to eternall light. - Trust me you doe both them great wrong, in depryting them of the desired sonne, and also your selfe, in smoothering your deserved prayses, and all men generally, in withholding from them so diuine pleasures, which they might conceiue of your gallant English verses, as they haue already doen of your Latine Poemes, which in my opinion both for inuention and Eloction are very delicate, and superexcellent. And thus againe, I take my leaue of my good Maister Haruey. from my lodging at London thys 10. of April. 1579.



Ægloga prima.

ARGUMENT.

IN this fyrt Aglogue Colin cloute a shepheardes boy complaineth him of his vnfornatue loue, being but newly (as semeth) enamoured of a countrie lassie called Rosalinde: with whiche strong affection being very sore trauelled, he compareth his carefull case to the sadde season of the yare, to the frostie ground, to the frozen trees, and to his owne winterbeaten flocke. And lastlye, fynding himselfe robbed of all former pleasaunce and delights, bee breaketh his Pipe in peeces, and casteth him selfe to the ground.

COLIN Cloute.

Shepheards boye (no better doe him call) when Winters wastful spight was almost spene,
All in a sunnesine day, as did besall,
Led forth his flock, that had bene long yppene.
So saynt they woxe, and seeble in the folde,
That now bmetheas their feete could them vphold.



All as the Sheepe, such was the Shepheards looke,
For pale and wan he was, (alas the while,)
May seeme he lond, or elz some care he tooke:
Well couth he tune his pipe, and frame his gylde.

A. I.

The

Januarie.

Tho to a hill his saynting flocke he ledde,
And thus him playnd, the while his shepe there fedde.

De Gods of loue, that pitie louers Payne,
(If any gods the paine of louers pitie:)
Looke from aboue, where you in joyes remaine,
And howe your eare s unto my dolefull dittie.
And Pan thou shepheards God, that once didst loue,
Pitie the paines, that thou thy selfe didst prove.

Thou bartein ground, whome winters wrath hath wasted,
Art made a myrhour, to behold my plighe:
Whilome thy fresh spring flowerd, and aster hasted
Thy sommer proude with Daffadillies dight.
And now is come thy winters stormy state,
Thy mantle mard, wherein thou mas-kedst late.

Such rage as winters, reigneth in my heart,
My life bloud frisling with unkindly cold:
Such stormy shoures do breede my balefull smart,
As if my yeare were wast, and woxen old.
And yet alas, but now my spring begounne,
And yet alas, yt is already donne.

You naked trees, whose shady leaves are lost,
Wherewith the byrds were wont to build their bowre:
And now are clothed with molle and haary frost,
In stede of bloosmes, wherwith your buds did flower:
I see your teares, that from your boughes doe raine,
Whose drops in derye puckles remaine.

All so my lustfull lease is dyng and sere,
My timely buds with wapling all are wasted;
The blosome, whiche my braunch of yowth did beare,
With heathed sighes is blowne away, & blasted,
And from mine eyes the drizling teares descend,
As on your boughes the puckles depend.

Thou feeble flocke, whose fleece is rough and rent,
Whose knees are weake through salt and euill fare:

Waift

Mayst witnessell well by thy ill governement,
Thy maysters mind is ouercome with care.
Thou weake, I wanne: thou leane, I quite forlorne:
With mourning pyne I, you with pyning mourne.

A thousand sithes I curse that carefull hower.
Wherein I longd the neighbour towne to see:
And eke tenne thousand sithes I blesse the stoure,
Wherein I sawe so sayre a light, as shee.
Yet all for naught: such light hath bred my bane.
Ah God, that loue should bredde both toy and payne.

It is not *Hobbinol* wherefore I ylaine,
Albee my loue he leake with dayly suit:
His clownish gyfts and curtisies I disdaine,
His kiddles his cracknelles, and his early fruse.
Ah foolish *Hobbinol*, thy gyfts vere bayne:
Colin them giues to *Rosalind* againe

I loue chilke lasse, (alas why doe I loue?)
And am forlorne, (alas why am I forlorne?)
Shee deignes not my good will, but doth repproue,
And of my curall musick holderh scoyne.
Shepheards deuise she hateth as the snake,
And laughes the songes, that *Colin Clout* doth make.

Wherefore my pype, albec rude *Pan* thou please,
Yet for thou pleaseft not, where most I would:
And thou unlucky *Muse*, that wonest to ease
My musing mynd, yet canst not, when thou shoule:
Both pype and *Muse*, shall soore the while abyne.
So broke his oaten pype, and downe vpplye.

By that, the welked *Phebus* gan abasle,
His weary waine, and nowe the frosty *Night*
Her mantle black through heauen gan ouerhaile.
Whiche seene, the penisile boy halfe in despight
Arose, and homeward droue his touned sheepe,
Whose hanging heads did seeme his carefull case to weepe.

*A.ii.**Colins*

Januarie.

Colins Embleme.

Anchora speme.



G L O S S E.

COLIN Cloute) is a name not greatly vsed, and yet haue I sene a Poesie of M. Skeltons vnder that title. But indeede the vword Colin is Frenche, and vsed of the French Poete Marot (if he be worthy of the name of a Poete) in a certaine Aeglogue. Vnder which name this Poete secretly shadoweth himself, as sometime did Virgil vnder the name of Tityrus, thinking it much fitter, then such Latine names, for the great vnlikelyhooode of the language.

vnnethes) scarcely. couthe) commeth of the verbe Conne, that is, to knovv or to haue skill. As vwell interpreteth the same the worthy Sir Tho. Smith in his booke of gouernment: wher of I haue a perfect copie in wryting, lent me by his kinsman, and my verye singular good freend, M. Gabriel Haruey: as also of some other his most graue & excellent vrytings.

Sythe) time. Neighbour tovvne) the next tovvne: expressing the Latine Vicina. Stoure) a fitt. Sere) withered.

His clovvnish gyfts) imitateth Virgils verse,

Rusticus es Corydon, nec munera curat Alexis.

Hobbinol) is a fained country name, vvh hereby, it being so commune and vsuall, seemeth to be hidden the person of some his very spciall & most familiar freend, whom he entirely and extraordinarily beloued, as peraduenture shall be more largely declared hereafter. In thy place seemeth to be some fauour of disorderly loue, vvhich the learned call pæderastice: but it is gathered beside his meaning. For vvh who that hath red Plato his dialogue called Alcybiades, Xenophon and Maximus Tytus of Socrates opinions, may easily perceiue, that such loue is mucche to be allowed and liked of, specially so meant, as Socrates vsed it: vvhid sayth, that in dede he loued Alcybiades extremely, yet not Alcybiades person, but hys soule, vvhich is Alcybiades ovne selfe. And so is pæderastice much to be preferred before gynerastice, that is the loue, vvhiche enflameth men vith lust toward vwoman kind. But yet let no man thinke, that herein I stand vwith Lucian or hys deuylishe disciple Vnico Aretiro, in defence of execrable and horrible sinnes of forbidden and vnlawful fleshlynesse. VVhose abominable errore is fully confuted of Perionius, and others.

I loue) a pretie Epanorhosis in these two verises, and vvit shall a Patonomasia or playng vwith the vword, vvh where he sayth (I loue thilke lasse (alas &c,

Rosalinde) is also a feigned name, vvhich being wel ordered, vvil bewray the very name of hys loue and mistresse, vvhom by that name he coloureth. So as Ovide shadoweth hys loue vnder the name of Corynna, vvhich of some is supposed to be

Julia

Fanuarie

fol.3

Tulia, chempferor Augustus his daughter, and vvyfe to Agryppa. So doth Annius Stella euery where call his Lady Asteris and Ianthis, albe it is vrel knownen that her right name vvas Violantilla: as vvitnesseth Statius in his Epithalamiu. And so the famous Paragone of Italy, Madona Coelia in her letters enuclapeth her selfe vnder the name of Zima: and Petrona vnder the name of Bellachia. And this generally hath bene a common custome of counterfeiting the names of secret Personages.

Anual) bring downe .

Embleme:

Ouerhaile) drawe ouer.

His Embleme or Poesye is here vnder added in Italian, Anch'ora speme: the meaning vwhereof is, that notwithstanding his extreme passion and lucklesse loue, yet lacing on hope, he is some what recomforted.

Februarie.



Ægloga Secunda.

ARGVMENT.

This Æglogue is rather morall and generall, then bent to any secrete or particular purpose. It specially cownteyneth a discourse of old age, in the persone of Thenot an olde Shepbeard, who for his crookednesse and unlukynesse, is scorned of Cuddie an unhappy Heardman's boye. The matter verily well accordeith with the season of the moneth, the yere are now drawynge, & as it were, drawing to his last age. For as in this yere of yere, so the in our

A. iii.

bodies

F

Februarie.

bodies there is a dry & withering cold, which congealeth the crudled blood,
and frieseth the wetterbeate flesh, with stormes of Fortune, & boare frosts
of Care. To which purpose the olde man telleteth a tale of the Oake and the
Bryer, so lively and so feelingly, as if the thing were set forth in some Pic-
ture before our eyes, more plainly could not appeare.

CVDDIE. THE NOT.

A Vfor pittie, wil rancke Winters rage,
These bitter blasts never ginne casswage?
The kene cold blowes through my beaten hyde,
All as I were throught the body gryde.
My ragged rontes all shiber and shake,
As doen high Towers in an earthquake:
They wont in the wind wagge their wjigle tailes,
Perke as Peacock: but nowe it auales.

THE NOT.

Lewdly complainest thou laesie ladde,
Of Winters wratke, for making thee sadde.
Must not the wold wend in his commun course
From good to badd, and from badde to wozle,
From wozle unto that is wort of all,
And then returne to his former fall?
Who will not suffer the stormy time,
Where will he liue tyll the lusty prime?
Selse haue I wozne out thise threttie yeares,
Some in much ioy, many in many teares:
Yet never complained of cold nor heate,
Of Sommers flame, nor of Winters threat:
Ne euer was to Fortune foeman,
But gently tooke, that vngently came.
And euer my flocke was my chiese care,
Winter or Sommer they mought well fare.

CVDDIE.

No marueil I thenot, if thou can beare
Cheresfullly the Winters wrathfull cheare:
For Age and Winter accord full nie,
This chill, that cold, this crooked, that wrye.
And as the laming Wether lookes downe,

Februarie.

fol. 4

So seruest thou like good fryday to frohine .
But my flowring youth is soe to frost,
My shippē unwont in stormes to be lost.

THE NOT.

The soueraigne of seas he blames in baine,
That once seabeate will to sea againe.
So loyting liue you little heardgroomes,
Keeping your beastes in the budded broomes:
And when the shining summe langheth once,
You deemen, the Sp̄ing is come atconce.
Tho gynne you, fond fyres, the cold to scorne,
And crowing in pypes made of greene coyne,
You shinken to be Lordz of the yeare.
But est, when ye count you freed from feare,
Comes the bieme winter with chamfered b̄owles,
Full of wrinckles and frostie furrowes:
Dreily shooting his stormy darse,
Whitch cruddles the blood, and prickes the harte.
Then is your carcelsse corage accoied,
Your carefull heards with cold bene annoied.
Then paye you the p̄ice of your surquedrie,
Whitch weeping, and wayling, and misery.

CVDDIE.

Ah foolish old man, I scorne thy skill,
That wouldest me, my springing youngth to spil.
I deeme, thy braine emperished bee
Through rusty elde, that hath rotted thee:
Or sicker thy head beray tortis is,
So on thy corbe shoulder it leanes amisse.
Now thy selfe hast lost both lopp and copp,
Als my budding braunch thou wouldest cropp:
But were thy yeares greene, as now bene myne,
To other delights they wouldest encline.
Tho wouldest thou learne to caroll of Loue,
And hery with hymnes thy lasses gloue.
Tho wouldest thou pype of Phyllis prayse:
But Phyllis is myne for many b̄ayes:

A.4.

I wonne

Februarie.

I woonne her with a gyrdle of gelt,
Emboss with buegle abeynt the belt.
Such an one shepeheards woulde make full faine:
Such an one woulde make thes younge againe.

THENOT.

Thou art a son, of thy loue to bosome,
All that is lent to loue, wyl be lost.

CVDDIE.

Seest, howe brag yond Bullocke beares,
So smirke, so smoothe, his pricked eares?
His hones bene as broade, as Rainebowe heng,
His dewelap as lythe, as lasse of Ren.
See howe he venteth into the wynd.
Meenes of loue is not his mynd?
Seemesh thy flocke thy crumell can,
So lustlesse bene they, so weake so wan,
Clothed with cold, and hoary wytch frost.
Thy flockes farter his corage hath lost:
Thy Eues, that wone to haue blouen bages,
Like mailefull widdowes hangen their cragg,
The rather Lambes bene starued with cold,
All for their Maister is lustlesse and old.

THENOT.

Cuddie, I wote thou kenst little good,
So vainely taquaunce thy headlesse hood.
For Youngth is a bubble blown vp with breath,
Whose witt is weakenesse, whose wage is death,
Whose way is wildernesse, whose ymme Penitance,
And stoopegallant Age the hoste of Greeuaunce.
But shall I tel thee a tale of truch,
Whiche I sond of Tityrus in my youth,
Keeping his sheepe on the hils of Ren?

CVDDIE.

To nought more Thenot, my mind is bene,
Then to heare nouells of his deuise:
They bene so well thewed, and so wise,
What euer that good old man belpake.

Thenot

Februarie.

fol. 5

THE NOT.

Many meete tales of youtch did he make,
And some of loue, and some of cheualrie:
But none sicker then this to applie.
Now listen a whille, and hearken the end.

There grewe an aged Tree on the greene,
A goodly Dake sometime had it bene,
With armes full strong and largely displayd,
But of their leaues they were disarrayde:
The bodie bigge, and mightely pight,
Throughly rooted, and of wonderous hight:
Whilome had bene the King of the field,
And mochell mast to the husband did yielde,
And with his nuts larded many swyne.
But now the gray molle marred his rine,
His bared boughes were beaten with stormes,
His toppe was bald, & wasted with wormes,
His honor decayed, his braunches sere.

Hard by his side grewe a bragging bryere,
Which proudly thrust into Thelement,
And seemed to threat the Firmament.
It was embellishe with blosomes fayre,
And thereto aye wonned to repayre
The shepheards daughters, to gather flowres,
To peinct their girldons with his colowres.
And in his small bushes bled to shrowde
The sweete Nightingale singing so lowde:
Which made this foolish Brier were so bold,
That on a time he cast him to scold,
And snebbe the good Dake, for he was old.

Why standst there (quoth he) thou brutish blocke?
Not for fruict, nor for shadowe serues thy stocke:
Seest, how fresh my flowers bene spredde,
Dyed in Lilly white, and Cremsin redde,
With Leaues engrained in lusty greene,
Coloures mee te to clothe a mayden Queene.

B.I

Thy

Februarie.

Thy wass bignes but combers the ground,
And dirks the beauty of my blossomes round.
The mouldie mosse, which thee accloeth,
My Sinnenam sinell too much annoeth.
Wherefore soone I reue thee, hence remoue,
Least thou the price of my displeasure pone.
So spake this bold bhere with greate vildaine.
Little him answered the Dake againe,
But yielded, with shame and greefe adewed,
That of a weede he was ouerawed.

It chaunced after vpon a day,
The Hus-bandman selfe to come that way,
Of custome soi to serue we his ground,
And his trees of state in compasse round.
Him when the spikfull bhere had espyed,
Caullesse complained, and lowdly cryed
Unto his Lord, stirring vp sterne strife:
O my liege Lord, the God of my life,
Pleaseth you ponder your Suppliants plaint,
Caused of wrong, and cruell constraint,
Which I your poore vassall dayly endure;
And but your goodnes the same recure,
Am like for desperatе daule to dye,
Through felonous forse of mine enemie.

Greatly aghast with this pitrous plea,
Him rested the goodman on the lea,
And badde the Brere in his plaint proceede,
With painted words tho gan this proude weede,
(As most vilen Ambitious folke:)
His coloured crime with craft to cloke.

Ah my soueraigne, Lord of creatures all,
Thou placer of plants both humble and tall,
Was not I planted of thine owne hand,
To be the primrose of all thy land,
With florring blossomes, to garnish the prime,
And scarlot berries in Sommer time?
How falls it then, that this fated Dake,

whole

Februarie.

fol.6

Whose bodie is sere, whose braunches broke,
Whose naked Armes stretch vnto the fyre,
Unto such tyrannie doth aspire:
Vndering with his shadē my louely lighē,
And robbing me of the swete sonnes lighē
So beate his old braunches my tender side,
That oft the bloud springeth from wounding wyde:
Untimely my flowres forced to fall,
That bēne the honor of your Coronall.
And oft he lets his cancker wormes lighē
Upon my braunches, to worke me more spight:
And oft his hoarie locks downe doth cast,
Wherē with my fresh flowretts bēne defast.
For this, and many more such outrage,
Chauing your goodly head to aswage
The ranckopus rigour of his myght,
Mought aske I, but onely to hold my right:
Submitting me to your good sufferance,
And praying to be garded from greeuance.

To this the Dake cast him to replie
Well as he couch: but his enemie
Had kindled such coles of displeasure,
That the good man nouldē stay his leasure,
But home him hasted with farius heate,
Encreasing his wrath with many a threate.
His harmefull Hatchet he hent in hand,
(Alas, that it so ready shoule stand)
And to the field alone he spredeth.
(Ay little helpe to harme therē needeth)
Anger nouldē let him speake to the tree,
Enaunter his rage mought cooled bee:
But to the roote bent his sturdy stroke,
And made many wounds in the wals Dake.
The Ares edge did oft turne againe,
As halfe unwilling to cutte the graine:
Semed, the swerelle yron byr feare,
Or to wrong holly eld did forbeare.

B.2.

Februarie.

For it had bene an amcient tree,
Sacred with many a mystere,
And often cross with the prieses crewe,
And often halowed with holy water dewe.
But like fancies weren soulerie,
And broughten this Dake to this miserye.
For nought mought they quicke him from decay:
For fiercely the good man at him did laye.
The blocke oft groaned vnder the blow,
And sighed to see his neare ouerthow.
In fine the steele had pierced his pitthe,
Tho downe to the earth he fell forthwith:
His wonderous weight made the grounde to quake,
The earth shronke vnder him, and seemed to shake.
There lyeth the Dake, pitied of none.

Now stands the Brere like a Lord alone,
Puffed vp with pryde and vaine pleaseance:
But all this glee had no continuance.
For elstones Winter gan to approche,
The blustring Boreas did encroche,
And beate vpon the solitarie Brere:
For nowe no succoure was seene him nere.
Now gan he repente his pryde to late:
For naked left and disconsolate,
The byting frost nipt his stalke dead,
The watre wette weighed downe his head,
And heaped snowe burdned him so soye,
That nowe byright he can stand no more:
And being downe, is trodde in the durt
Of cartell, and brouzed, and souely hurt.
Such was theend of this Ambitious byre,
For scorning Elo

CVDDIE

Now I pray thee shepheard, tel it not forth:
Here is a long tale, and little worth.
So longe have I listened to thy speche,
That grassest to the ground is my byche:

89

Februarie.

fol. 7

My hartblood is welnigh froze I feele,
And my galage growne fast to my heele:
But little easse of thy lewd tale I tasted.
Wye thee home shepheard, the day is nigh wasted.

Theñots Embleme.

*Fddio perche è vecchio,
Fa suo al suo esempio.*

Cuddies Embleme.

*Niuno vecchio,
Spaventa Iddio.*



GLOSSE.

Kene) sharpe.

Gride) perced : an olde wword much vsed of Lidgate, but not found (that I know of)
in Chaucer.

Ronts) young bullocker.

VVrake) ruine or Violence, wvhence commeth shippyvralke: and not vvreake, that is
vengeaunce or vvrath.

Foeman) a foe.

Thenot) the name of a shepheard in Marot his Aeglogues.

The soueraigne of Seas) is Neptune the God of the seas . The saying is borowved of
Mimus Publianuſ, wvhich vsed this prouerb in a verſe.

Improbè Neptunum accusat, qui iterum naufragium facit.

Heardgromes,) Chaucers verſe almost vvhole.

Fond Flyes) He compareth careleſſe fluggardes or ill hys bandmen to flyes, that ſo ſoone
as the ſunne shineth, or yt wexeth any thing vvarme, begin to flye abroade
vvhēn ſodeinly they be ouertaken vwith cold.

But eſt when) A verye excellent and buely deſcription of VVinter, ſo as may bee indi-
ſerently taken, eyther for old Age, or for VVinter ſeafon.

Breine) chill, bitter.

Chamfred) chapt, or vvrinckled.

Accoied) plucked dovvne and daunted.

Surquedrie) prydē.

Elde) olde age.

Sicker) ſure.

Tottie) vvauering.

Corbe) crooked.

Heric) worſhippe.

Phyllis) the name of ſome mayde vnuſownen, whom Cuddie, whosē perſon is ſecrete, lo-
ued. The name is vſuall in Theocritas, Virgile, and Mantuane.

Belte) a girdle or waſt band.

A ſon) a foole.

lythe) ſoft & gentle.

Venteth) ſnuffeth in the vwind.

Thy ſlocks Father) the Ramme.

Crags) neckes

B.iii.

Rather.

Februarie.

Rather Lambes) that be evved early in the beginning of the yea.
Youth is) A verye moral and pithy Allegorie of youth, and the lustes thereof, compared
to a vvere vwaysfaring man.
Tityrus) I suppose he meane Chaucer, whose prayse for pleasaunt tales cannot dye, so
long as the memorie of hys name shal live, & the name of Poetrie shal endure.
VVell chevved) that is, Bene morata, full of morall wisenesse.
There grew) This tale of the Oake and the Breere, he tellich as learned of Chaucer, but it
is cleane in another kind, and rather like to AEsopes fables. It is verye excellente
for pleasaunt descriptions, being altogether a certaine Icon or Hypotyposis of
disdaunfull younkers.
Embellisht) beautified and adorned. To wonne) to haunt or frequent. Snew) checke.
VVhy standst) The speach is scornesful & verye presumptuous. Engrained) dyed in grain.
Accloiceth) enclobereth. Adarived) daunted & confounded.
Trees of state) taller trees fitte for timber wood. Sterne strife) said Chaucer. f.
fell and sturdy. O my liege) A maner of supplication, vvhetherin is kund-
ly coloured the affection and speache of Ambitious men.
Coronall) Garande. Flourets) young blossomes.
The Primrose) The chiefe and vworthiest
Naked ames) metaphorically ment of the bare boughes, spoyled of leaues. This colou-
rably he speakeith, as adiudging hym to the fyre.
The blood) spoken of a blocke, as it vvere of a liung creature, figuratiuely, and (as they
saye) *per incisionem*.
Hoarie lockes) metaphorically for vwithered leaues.
Hent) caught. Nould) for vwould not. Ay) euermore. VVounds) gashes.
Enaunter) least that.
The priestes crevve) holy vwater port, wherewith the popishe priest vfed to sprinckle &
hallovve the trees from mischaunce. Such blindnesse vvas in those times, which
the Poete supposeth, to haue bne the final decay of this aunctient Oake.
The blocke oft groneid) A huelye figure, vvhiche geueth sence and feeling to vnsensible
creatures, as Virgile also sayeth: Saxa gemunt grauido &c.
Boreas) The Northerne vwynd, that bringeth the moste stormie vveather.
Glee) chere and iollitie.
For scorning Eld) And minding (as shoulde seme) to haue made ryme to the former
verse, he is conningly cutte of by Cuddy, as disdayning to here any more.
Galage) a startuppe or clovnish shoe.

Embleme.

This embleme is spoken of Thenot, as a moral of his former tale:namelye, that God,
vvhich is himselfe most aged, being before al ages, and vwithout beginninge,
maketh those, vvhom he loueth like to himselfe, in heaping yeares vnto theyre
dayes, and blessing them vvyth longe lyfe. For the blessing of age is not giuen
to all, but vnto those, vvhom God will so blesse: and albeit that many euill
reache vnto such fulnesse of yeares, and some also vvere olde in myserie and
thraldome, yet therefore is not age euer the lesse blessing. For euen to such euill
men such number of yeares is added, that they may in their last dayes repent,
and come to their first home. So the old man checketh the rashheaded boy, for
despysing his gray and frostye heares.

VVhom Cuddy doth counterebuff with a byting and bitter prouerbe, spoken indeede
at the

at the first in extremo of old age generally, for it vvas an old opinion, and yet is continued in some mens concept, that me of yeares haue no feare of god at al, or not so much as younger folke. For that being rypened with long experiance, and hauing passed many bitter brunts and blastes of vengeance, they dread no stormes of fortune, nor wrath of Gods, nor daunger of menne, as being eyther by longe and ripe vvisedome armed against all mischaunces and aduersitie, or vwith much trouble hardened against all troublous tydes: lyke vnto the Ape, of which is sayd in AEsops fables, that oftentimes meeting the Lyon, he vvas at first sore aghast & dismayed at the grinnies and auusterie of hys countenance, but at last being acquainted vwith his lookes, he vvas so furre from fearing him, that he would familiarly gybe and iest with him: Suche longe experiance breedeth in some men securitie. Although it please Erasmus a great clerke and good old father, more fathery and fauourablye to construe it in his Adages for his own behoofe, That by the prouerbe Nemo Senex metuit Iouem, is not meant, that old men haue no feare of God at al, but that they be furre from superstition and Idolatrous regard of false Gods, as is Iupiter. But his greate learning notwithstanding, it is to plaine, to be gainsayd, that olde men are muche more enclined to such fond fooleries, then younger heedes.

March.



Ægloga Tertia.

ARGUMENT.

In this Æglogue two shepheards boyes taking occasion of the season, beginne to make purpose of loue and other plesaunce, whiche to springtime is most agreeable. The speciall meaning hereof is, to gine certaine markes

March.

and tokens, to know Cupide the Poets God of Loue. But more particularye I
thinke, in the person of Thomalyn is meant some secrete freend, who scorned
Loue and his knyghts so long, till at length him selfe was entangled, and vn-
wares wounded with the dart of some beautifull regard, whiche is Cupides
arrowe.

VVillye Thomalyn.

Thamalin, why sytten we soe,
As weren ouerwent with woe,
Upon so fayre a morrow?
The ioyous time now nighest fast,
That shall alegge this bitter blast,
And slake the winters sorow.

Thomalyn.

Sicker Willye, thou warnest well:
For Winters wrath beginnes to quell,
And pleasant spring appeareth.
The grasse nowe ginnes to be refreshe,
The Swallow peepes out of her nest,
And clowdie Welkin cleareth.

VVillye.

Seest not thilke same Hawthorne budde,
How bragly it beginnes to budde,
And biter his tender head?
Flora now calleth forth eche flower,
And bids make ready Malias bowre,
That newe is byrst from bedde.
Tho shall we sporten in delight,
And learne with Lettice to were ligh,
That scornefully lookes al kaunce,
Tho will we little Loue awake,
That noyme sleepeth in Lethe lake,
And pray him leaden our daunce.

Thomalyn.

Willye, I wene thou bee assot:
For lustie Loue still sleepeh not,
But is abroad at his game.

VVillye.

Whom knest thou, that he is awoke?

Dz

March.

fol.9

¶ hast thy selfe his slumber broke?

¶ made preuie to the same?

Thomalin.

No, but happely I hym spyde,
Where in a bush he did him hide,
With winges of purple and blewe.
And were not, that my sheepe would stray,
The preuie marks I would bewray,
Wherby by chaunce I him knewe.

VVillye.

Thomalin, haue no care for thy,
My selfe will haue a double eye,
Unlike to my flocke and thine:
For als at home I haue a syre,
A stepdame eke as whott as fyre,
That dewly adapes counts mine.

Thomalin.

May, but thy seeing will not serue,
My sheepe for that may chaunce to swerue,
And fall into some mischiefe.
For sicheas is but the third morowe,
That I chaunst to fall a sleepe with sorowe,
And waked againe with griefe:
The while thilke same unhappye Ewe,
Whose clouted legge her hurt doth shewe,
Fell headlong into a dell,
And there vnoynted both her bones:
Mought her necke bene ioynted attones,
She shoulde haue neede no more spell.
Ther was so wanton and so wood,
(But now I trowe can better good)
She mought ne gang on the greene,

VVillye.

Let be, as may be, that is past:
That is to come, let be forecast.
Now tell vs, what thou hast seene.

Thomalin.

It was vpon a holiday,

When

March.

When shepheardes gromes han leaue to playe,
I cast to goe a shooting.
Long wandring by and downe the land,
With bowe and bolts in eicher hand,
For birds in bushes shooting:
At length within an hie tode
(There shrowded was the litle God)
I heard a busie busling.
I bent my bolt against the bush,
Listening if any thng did rushe,
But then heard no more rustling.
Tho peeping close into the thicke,
Might see the mouing of some quicke,
Whose shape appeared not:
But were it faerie, feend, or snake,
My courage earnd it to awake,
And manfully therat shotte.
With that sprong forth a naked swayne,
With spotted winges like Peacockes trayne,
And laughing lope to a tree.
His gylden quiver at his backe,
And siluer bowe, whch was but flacke,
Whch lightly he bent at me.
That seeing I, leuelde againe,
And shott at hym with myght and maiue,
As thicke, as it had hayled.
So long I shott, that al was spent:
Tho pumie stones I hally hent,
And threwe but nought availede:
He was so wimble, and so wight,
From bough to bough he leyyed light,
And of the pumies latched.
Therewith affrayd I ranne away:
But he, that earst seemd but to playe,
A shafe in earnest snatched,
And hit me running in the heeler:
For then I litle smart did seele:

Dot

But soone it soze increased.
And now it ranckleth more and more,
And inwardly it festreth soze,
Me wote I, how to ceale it.

VVillye.

Thomalin, I picte thy pligte.
Perdie with loue thou diddest sight:
I know him by a token.
For once I heard my father say,
How he him caught upon a day,
(Wherof he wilbe woken)
Entangled in a fowling net,
Whiche he for carillon Crowses had set,
That in our Peeretree haunted.
Tho sayd, he was a winged lad,
But bowe and shaftes as then none had:
Els had he soze be daunted.
But see the Welkin thickes apace,
And stouping Phebus steepes his face:
Its time to hale vs homeward.

Willyes Embleme.

To be wise and eke to loue,
Is graunted searce to God aboue.

Thomalins Embleme.

Of Hony and of Gaule in loue there is store:
The Honye is much, but the Gaule is more.



GLOSS.

THIS Eglogue seemeth somewhat to resemble that same of Theocritas, vwherein
the boy likewise telling the old man, that he had shot at a winged boy in a tree,
was by hym wamed, to beware of mischiefe to come.

Ouer vuent) ouergone
To quell) to abate.

Alegge) to lessen or affrage.

VVelkin) the skie.

Cil. The Swallow.

March.

The swallow) vwhich bird vseth to be counted the messenger, and as it were, the fore runner of springe.

Flora) the Goddess of floures, but indeede (as saith Tacitus) a famous harlot, which vwith the abuse of her body having gottē great riches, made the people of Rome her heyre: who in remembraunce of so great beneficence, appointed a yearlye feste for the memoriall of her, calling her, not as she was, not as some doe think, Andronica, but Flora: making her the Goddess of all floures, and doing yerely to her solemne sacrifice.

Maia bovve) that is the pleasaunt field, or rather the Maye buthes. Maia is a Goddess and the mother of Mercurie, in honour of whome the moneth of Maye is of her name so called, as sayth Macrobius.

Lettice) the name of some country lassē,

A scaunce) a kevve or asquint. For thy) therefore.

Lethe) is a lake in hell, vwhich the Poetes call the lake of forgetfulnes. For Lethe signifieth forgetfulnes. VVherein the soules being dipped, did forget the cares of their former lyfe. So that by loue sleeping in Lethe lake, he meaneth he vvas almost forgotten and out of knowldege, by reasoun of winters hardnesse, when al pleasures as it were, sleepe and weare oute of mynde.

A slotte) to dote.

His flomber) To breake Loues flomber, is to exercise the delights of Loue and wanton pleasures.

VVinges of purple) so is he feyned of the Poetes.

For als) he imitateth Virgils verse.

Est mihi namque domi pater, est iniusta nouerca &c.

A dell) a hole in the ground.

Spell) is a kinde of verse or charme, that in elder tymes they vseth ofte to say ouer every thing, that they would haue preserued, as the Nightspel for theue, and the vwoodspel. And hereshence I thinke is named the gospell, as it were Gods spell or vvorde. And so sayth Chaucer, Listeneth Lordings to my spell.

Gange) goe An Yare todde) a thicke bushe.

Swaine) a boye: For so is he described of the Poetes, to be a boye. f. alwayes freshe and lustie: blindfolded, because he maketh no difference of Personages: wyth diuers coloured wings, f. ful of flying fancies: vwith bovve and arrow, that is vwith glaunce of beautye, vwhich pryceth as a forked arrowe. He is sayd also to haue shafts, some leaden, some golden: that is, both pleasure for the gracious and loued, and sorow for the louer that is disdayned or forsaken. But vvhio liste more at large to behold Cupids colours and furniture, let him reade ether Propertius, or Moschius his Idyllion of wandring loue, being now most excellently translated into Latine by the singuler learned man Angelus Politianus: whych vvorke I haue seene amongst other of thyss Poets doings, very wel translated also into Englishis Rymes.

VVimble and vvirgis) Quicke and deliner.

In the heele) is very Poetically spoken, and not vwithout speciall judgement. For I remember, that in Homer it is sayd of Thetis, that shee tooke her young babe Achilles being nervely borne, and holding him by the heele, dipped him in the

River of Styx. The vertue vwhereof is, to defend and keepe the bodyes washed therein from any mortall wound. So Achilles being washed al ouer, save onely his hele, by which his mother held, was in the rest invulnerablie: therfore by Paris vvas feyned to bee shotte wwith a poysoned arrowe in the heele, whiles he vvas busie about the maryng of Polyxena in the temple of Apollo. which mysticall table Eustathius vnfolding, sayth: that by wounding in the heele, is meant lustfull loue. For from the heele (as say the best Phisitions) to the preuie partes there passe certayne veines and slender synnevves, as also the like come from the head, and are carryed lyke little pypes behynd the eares: so that (as sayth Hippocrates) vif those veynes there be cut a sonder, the partie straighte becometh cold and vnfructful, wwhich reason our Poete vvel weighing, maketh this shepheards boye of purpose to be wounded by Loue in the heele.

Latched) caught.

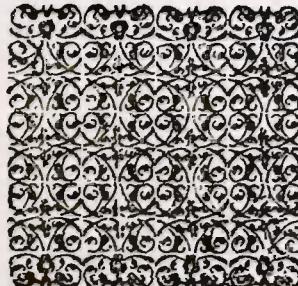
Wroken) reuenged.

For once) In this tale is sette out the simplicitey of shepheards opinion of Loue.

Stouping Phæbus) Is a Periphralis of the sunne setting.

Embleme.

Hereby is meant, that all the delights of Loue, wherein vwanton youth wvalowyeth, be but follye mixt wwith bitternesse, and sorowy savvced with repentaunce. For besides that the very affection of Loue it selfe tormenteth the mynde, and vexeth the body many wways, wwith vnreleasnesse all night, and wyearnes all day, seeking for that we can not haue, & synding that we would not haue: euē the selfe things wwhich best before vs lyked, in course of time, and chaung of typer yeares, wwhiche also therewithall chaungeth our wronted lyking and former fantasies, wwill then seeme lothsome and breed vs annoaunce, wwhen yongthes florvre is wwithered, and vve synde our bodyes and wits awiswre not to suche wayne iollitie and lustfull pleasaunce.



Aprill.



Ægloga Quarta.

ARGVMENT.

THIS Æglogue is purposoly intended to the honor and prayse of our most gracious souereigne, Queene Elizabeth. The speakers herein be Hobbinoll and Thenot, two shepheardes: the whiche Hobbinoll being before mentioned, greatly to haue loued Colin, is here set forth more largely, complayning him of that boyes great misaduenture in Loue, whereby his mynd was alienate and withdrawen not onely from him, who mooste loued him, but also from all former delights and studies, as well in pleasaunt piping, as conning ryming and singing, and other his laudable exercises. Wherby be taketb occasion, for prooef of his more excellencie and skill in poetrie, to recorde a songe, whiche the sayd Colin sometime made in honor of ber Maiestie, whom abruptly he termeth Elysa.

Thenot. Hobbinoll.

Tell me gooo Hobbinoll, what garres thee greece?
What hath some Wolfe thy tender Lambes yronce?
Dy is thy Bagyppe broke, that soundes so sweete?
Dy art thou of thy loued lasse forlorne?

Dy bene thine eyes attempred to the yeare,
Quenching the gasping furrowes thirle with rayne?

Like

Like Aprill shoure, so stremes the trickling teares
Adowne thy cheeke, to quenche thy thristye Payne.

Hobbinoll.

Nor thys, nor that, so muche doeth make me mourne,
But for the ladde, whome long I labe so deare.
Nowe loues a lasse, that all his loue doth scorne:
He plongd in Payne, his tressed locks dooth teare.

Shepheards delights he dooth them all forsware,
Hys pleasaunt pipe, whych made vs meriment,
He wylfully hath broke, and doth forbeare
His wonted songs, wherein he all outwent.

Thenot.

What is he for a Ladde, you so lamene?
Ys loue such pinching Payne to them, that proue?
And hath he skill to make so excellent,
Per hath so little skill to bypde loue?

Hobbinoll.

Colin thou kenst, the Southerne Shepheardes boye
Him Loue hath wounded with a deadly darte.
Whilome on him was all my care and ioye,
Forcynge with gyfes to winne his wanton heart.

But now from me hys madding mynd is starte,
And woes the Widdowes daughter of the gleme:
So nowe sayre Rosalind hath bredd hys smart,
So now his frenyd chaunged for a freane.

Thenot.

But if hys ditties bene so trimly dight,
I pray thee Hobbinoll, recorde some one:
The whiles our flockes doe graze about in sight,
And we close shrowded in thys shade alone.

Hobbinoll.

Contented I : then will I singe his laye
Of sayre Elisa, Queene of Shepheardes all:
Which vnce he made, as by a syring he laye,
And tuned it unto the Waters fall.

Aprill.



Evayne Dymphs, what in this blessed Brooke
doe bathe your brest,
For sake your watry bowres, and hether looke,
at my request:
And eke you Virgins, that on Parnasse dwell,
Whence floweth Helicon the learned well,
Help me to blaze
Her worthy praise,
Which in her sexe doth all excell.

Of sayze Elisa be your siluer song,
that blessed wight:
The flowre of Virgins, may shee florish long,
In princely plight.
For shee is Syrinx daughter without spotte,
Whiche Pan the shepheards God of her begot:
So sprong her grace
Of heauenly race,
No mortall blemishe may her blotte.

See, where she sits upon the grassie greene,
(O seemely sight)
Yclad in Scarlot like a mayden Queene,
And Ermines white.
Upon her head a Cremolin coronet,
With Damaske roses and Daffavillies set:
Bayleaues betweene,
And Primroses greene
Embellish the sweete Violet.

Tell me, haue ye seene her angelick face,
Like Phoebe sayze?
Her heauenly haueour, her princely grace
can you well compare?
The Redde rose medled with the White ysere,
In either cheeke depeinten lively there.
Her modest eye,
Her Spairetie,
Wher haue you seene eye like, but therer?

April.

fol. 13

I sawe Phesus thrusst out his golden hedde,
 Upon her to gaze:
But when he sawe, how broade her beames did spredde,
 It did him amaze.
He blusht to see another Sunne belame,
Me durst againe his syrpe face out shewe:
 Let him, if he dare,
 His brightnesse compare
With hers, to haue the ouerchowe.

Shewe thy selfe Cynthia With thy siluer rayes,
 and be not abashit:
When hee the beames of her beauty displayes,
 D how art thou dashit?
But I will not match her with Latonaes seede,
Such follie great sorow to Niobe did breed.
 Now she is a stone,
 And makes vaply mone,
Warning all other to take heede.

Pan may be proud, that euer he begot
 such a Bellibone,
And Syrinx reloyse, that euer was her lot
 to beare such an one.
Soone as my younglings cryen for the dam,
To her will I offer a milkwhite Lamb:
 Shee is my goddesse plaine,
 And I her shepherdes swayne,
Albes forswonck and forswatt I am.

I see Calliope speede her to the place,
 where my Goddesse shines:
And after her the other Muses trace,
 With their Violines.
Vene they not Bay braunches, which they doe beare,
All for Elisa in her hand to weare?
 So sweetly they play,
 And sing all the way,
That it a heaven is to heare. D. Lo

Aprill.

Lo how finely the graces can it soote
to the Instrument:
They dauncen deffly, and singen soote,
in their meriment.
Wantz not not a fourth grace, to make the daunce euene?
Let that roulme to my Lady be yeuen:
She shalbe a grace,
To syll the fourth place,
And reigne with the rest in heauen.
And whither remes this beuie of Ladies bright,
ranging in a rowe?
They bene all Ladys of the lake behight,
that unto her goe.
Chloris, that is the chieffest Nymph of al,
Of Dltue braunches beares a Coronall:
Dliues bene for peace,
When warrs doe surcease:
Such for a Princesse bene principall.
Ye shepheards daughters, that dwell on the greene,
hye you there apace:
Let none come there, but that Virgins bene,
to adorne her grace.
And when you come, whereas shee is in place,
See that your rudenesse doe not you disgrace:
Binde your fillets faste,
And gird in your waste,
For more finesse, with a tawdrie lace.
Bring herher the Pinche and purple Cullambine,
With Gelliflowres:
Bring Coronations, and Sops in wine,
worne of Paramoures.
Strowe me the ground with Daffadowndillies,
And Cowslips, and Kingcups, and loued Lillies:
The pretie Pavane,
And the Cheuisaunce.
Shall match with the sayre flowre Delice,

Row

Aprill.

fol. 14

Now rysle by Eliz., decked as thou art,
in royall array:
And now ye vaintie Damsells may depart
echeone her way,
I feare, I haue troubled your troupes to longe:
Let dame Eliz. thanke you for her song.
And if you come hether,
When Damsenes I gether,
I will part them all you among.

Thenot

And was thilk same song of Collins stونe making?
A foolish boy, that is with loue yblent:
Great pittie is, he be in such taking,
For naught caren, that bene so lewoly bene.

Hobbinol.

Sicker I hold him, for a greater son,
That loues the thing, he cannot purchase.
But let vs homeward: for night draweth on,
And twincing starres the daylicht hence chase.

Thenots Embleme.

O quam te memorem virgo?

Hobbinols Embleme.

O dea certe.



GLOSSE.

Gars thee greete] causeth thee vvepe and complain. Forlorne] left & forsaken.
Attempted to the yeare] agreeable to the season of the yeare. that is Aprill, vwhich mo-
neth is most bent to shoures and seasonable rayne: to quench, that is, to delaye
the drought, caused through drynesse of March vvyndes.

The Ladde] Colin Clout]. The Lasse] Rosalinda. Tressed locks) wretched & curled
Is he for a ladde] A straunge manner of speaking s. what maner of Ladde is he?
To make] to rime and versifye. For in this vword making, our olde Englishe Poetes were
vuent to comprehend all the skil of Poetrye, according to the Greeke vysorde mis,
to make, whence commeth the name of Poetes.

D y.

Colin

Aprill.

Colin thou kenst knowest. Seemeth hereby that Colin perteyneth to some Southern noble man, and perhaps in Surrye or Kent, the rather because he so often nameth the Kentish dovvnes, and before, Aslythe as lasse of Kent.

The VVidorves] He calleth Rosalind the VVidowes daughter of the glenne, that is, of a country Hamlet or borough, which I think is rather sayde to colour and concle the person, then simply spoken. For it is vwell knownen, even in spighte of Colin and Hobbinoll, that shee is a Gentle ywoman of no meane house, nor endewed vwith anye vulgare and common gifts both of nature and manners: but suche indeede, as neede nether Colin be ashamed to haue her made knowne by his verses, nor Hobbinol be greued, that so she should be commended to immortallitie for her rare and singular Vertues: Specially deseruing it no lesse, then eyther Myrto the most excellēt Poete Theocritus his deuarling, or Lauretta the divine Petrarches Goddesse, or Himera the vvorthy Poete Stesichorus hys Idoles: Vpon vyhom he is sayd so much to haue doted, that in regard of her excellencie, he scorned & wrote against the beauty of Helena. For which his presumptuous and vnheede hardinesse, he is sayde by vengeance of the Gods, thereat being offended, to haue lost both his eyes.

Frenne] a straunger. The word I thinke vvas first poetically put, and aftervvarde vsed in commen custome of speach for frenne.

Dight] adorned. Laye] a songe. as Roundelayes and Virelayes

In all this songe is not to be respected, vwhat the worthinesse of her Maiestie deserueth, nor vwhat to the highnes of a Prince is agreeable, but vwhat is molte comely for the meanesse of a shepheards wittie, or to concerne, or to vtter. And therefore he calleth her Elys, as through rudenesse tripping in her name: & a shepheards daughter, it being very vnsit, that a shepheards boy brougth vp in the shepefold, should know, or euer seme to haue heard of a Queenes roialty.

Ye daintie] is, as it vvere an Exordium ad preparandos animos.

Virgins] the nine Muses, daughters of Apollo & Memorie, vvhose abode the Poets faine to be on Parnassus, a hill in Grece, for that in that countrye specially florished the honor of all excellent studies.

Helicon] is both the name of a fountaine at the foote of Parnassus, and also of a mountaine in Bzotia, out of which floweth the famous Spring Castalius, dedicate also to the Muses, of vwhich spring it is sayd, that vwhen Pegasus the winged horse of Perseus (whereby is meant fame and flying renowme) strooke the grovynge with his hoofe, sodenly thereout sprang a vvel of molte cleare and pleasaunte water, vwhich strothee forth was consecrate to the Muses & Ladies of learning.

Your siluer song] seemeth to imitate the lyke in Hesiodus *μεταρχον μελος*.

Syrinx] is the name of a Nymphē of Arcadiē, whom when Pan being in loue pursued, she flying frō him, of the Gods was turned into a reede. So that Pan catching at the Reedes in stede of the Damosell, and puffing hard (for he vvas almost out of wind) with hys breath made the Reedes to pype: vvhich he seeing, tooke of them, and in remembraunce of his lost loue, made him a pype thereof. But here by Pan and Syrinx is not to bee thoughte, that the shephearde simplye meante those Poetical Gods: but rather supposing (as seemeth) her graces progenie to be daintie and immortall (so as the Payniums were wont to iudge of all Kinges and

and Princes, according to Homeres saying.

Θυμός δὲ μέτας ἵστι διογέτας βασιλεύς,
τούτος δὲ εἰς διός ἴστι, φίλος δὲ τοῦ μακρινοῦ Ζεύς.)

could devise no parents in his judgement so worthy for her, as Pan the shepheards God, and his best beloved Syrinx. So that by Pan is here meant the most famous and victorious King, her highnesse Father, late of worthy memorie K. Henry the eyght. And by that name, of tymes (as hereafter appeareth) be noted kings and mighty Potentates: And in some place Christ himselfe, who is the very Pan and god of Shepheardeſ.

Cremosin, coronet] he deuileth her crowne to be of the finest and most delicate flowers, inſtede of perles and precious stones, wherewith Princes Diademes vſe to bee adorned and embost.

Embelliſh] beautifye and ſet out.

Phebe] the Moone, whom the Poets faine to be ſister vnto Phœbus, that is the Sunne.

Medled] mingled.

Yſtre] together. By the mingling of the Redde roſe and the VVhite, is meant the vniung of the two principall houses of Lancaster and of Yorke: by vvhofe longe diſcord and deadly diſpute, this realm many yeaſes was ſore trauailed, & almoſt cleane decayed. Til the famous Henry the ſeuenth, of the line of Lancaster, taking to vwife the moſt vertuous Princeſſe Elisabeth, daughter to the fourth Edward of the house of Yorke, begat the moſt royal Henry the eyght aforſayde, in vvhom vvas the firſte vniung of the VVhyte Roſe and the Redde.

Calliope] one of the nine Muses: to vvhom they affigne the honor of all Poetical Inuention, & the firſte glorye of the Heroicall verſe. other ſay, that ſhee is the Goddeſſe of Rhetorick: but by Virgil it is manifest, that they myſtake the thyng. For there in hys Epigrams, that arte ſemeth to be attributed to Polymnia, ſaying: Signat cuncta manu, loquiturque Polymnia geſtu.

which ſeemeth ſpecially to be meant of Action and elocution, both ſpecial partes of Rhetorick: beſide that her name, vvhich (as ſome conſtrue it) importeth great remembraunce, conteineth another part, but I holde rather, vvhith them, vvhich call her Polymnia or Polyhymnia, of her good ſinging.

Bay branches] be the ſigne of honor & victory, & therfore of myghty Conquerors worn in theyr triumphes, & eke of famous Poets, as with Petrarch in hys Sonets.

Arbor vitoriosa triomphale,
Honor d' Imperadori & di Poëti, &c.

The Graces] be three ſisters, the daughters of Jupiter, (whosē names are Aglaia, Thalia, Euphrosyne, & Homer onely addeth a fourth, f. Pasithaea) otherwiſe called Charites, that is thanks. vvhō the Poetes feyned to be the Goddeſſes of al bountie & comelines, vvhich therefore (as ſayth Theodontius) they make three, to were, that men firſt ought to be gracious & bountiful to other freely, then to receive benefits at other mens hands curteouſly, and thirdly to requite them thankfullly: vvhich are three ſundry Actions in liberalitye. And Boccace ſaith, that they be painted naked, (as they were indeede on the tombe of C. Julius Cesar) the one having her backe toward vs, and her face fromwarde, as proceeding from

Aprill.

vs: the other two toward vs, noting double thankē to be due to vs for the benefi-
t, we haue done.

Deafly] Finelye and nimblē. Soote] Sweete. Merriment] Mirth.
Beuie] A beaucie of Ladys, is spoken figuratiuely for a company or troupe. the terme is
taken of Larkes. For they say a Beuie of Larkes, even as a Couey of Partridge,
or an eye of Pheasaunts.

Ladys of the lake] be Nymphes. For it vvas an olde opinion amongste the Auncient
Heathen, that of every spring and fountaine vvas a goddesse the Soueraigne.
Whiche opinion stucke in the myndes of men not manye yeares sithence, by
meanes of certaine fablers and lowd lyers, such as were the Authours of King
Arthur the great and such like, who tell many an vnlabvfull leasing of the La-
dyes of the Lake, that is, the Nymphes. For the word Nymphe in Greeke sig-
nifieth VVell water, or oþerwyse a Spouse or Bryde.

Bedight] called or named.

Cloris] the name of a Nymph, and signifieth greenesse, of ywhome is sayd, that Zephyrus
the VVesterne wind being in loue with her, and coueting her to wyfe, gaue her
for a dowrie, the chescedom and soueraigntye of al flowres and greene herbes,
growing on earth.

Oliues bene] The Oliue vvas vwant to be the ensigne of Peace and quietnesse, eyther
for that it cannot be planted and pruned, and so carefully looked to, as it ought,
but in tyme of peace: or els for that the Oliue tree, they say, vwill not grovve
neare the Firre tree, whiche is dedicate to Mars the God of battaille, and vsed
most for speares and other instruments of warre. VVhereupon is finely feigned,
that vwhen Neptune and Minerua strove for the naming of the citie of Athens,
Neptune striking the ground with his mace, caused a horse to come forth, that
importeth vvarre, but at Mineruas stroke sprong out an Olia, to note that it
should be a nurse of learning, and futh peaceable studiis.

Binde your] Spoken rudely, and according to shepheardes simplicite.

Bring] all these be names of flowvers. Sops in vvine a flowvre in colour much like to a
Coronation, but differing in smel and quantitye. Flowre delice, that which they
vse to misterne, Flowre de lice, being in Latine called Flos delitiarum.

A Bellibont] or a Bonibill, hornely spoken for a fayre mayde or Boneliffe.
Forswore] and forswate] overlaboured and sumeburis.

I savy Phæbus] the sunne. A sensible Narration, & present view of the thing mentioned.
which they call *raparia*.

Cynthia] the Moone so called of Cynthia a hyll, vvhile she was honoured.

Latonaes seede] VVas Apollo and Diana. VVhom vwheras Niobe the wife of Am-
phion scorne, in respect of the noble sturt of her wombe, namely her seuen-
sonnes, and so many daugheires, Latona being therewith displeased, commaun-
ded her sonne Phœbus to slay al the sonnes, and Diana al the daughters: where
at the vnsfortunate Niobe being sore dismayed, and lamenting out of measure,
vvas seigned of the Poetes, to be turned into a stone vpon the sepulchre of her
children, for which cause the shepheard sayth, he vwill not compare her to them,
for feare of like my fortune.

Now this] is the conclusion. For hauing so decked her vwith prayses and comparissons, he
returne

April.

fol. 16

returneth all the thanck of hys laboure to the excellencie of her Maisticie.
VWhen Damsins] A base revvard of a clownish guer.

Yblent] Y, is a poetical addition. blent blinded.

Embleme.

This Poesye is taken out of Virgile, and there of him vsed in the person of Aeneas to his mother Venus, appearing to him in likenesse of one of Dianaes damosells: being there most diuinely set forth. To vwhich similitude of diuinie Hobbinoll comparing the excelency of Elisa, and being through the worthynes of Colins song, as it were, ouercome with the hugenesse of his imagination, bruste th out in great admiration, (O quam te memore virgo) being otherwise vnhable, then by soddein silence, to expresse the vworthiness of his concept. VVhom Thenot answereth with another part of the like verse, as confirming by his graunt and approuaunce, that Elisa is nowhit inferiour to the Maisticie of her, of vvhom that Poete so boldly pronounced; O dea certe.

Maye.



Ægloga Quinta

ARGUMENT.

In this firste Æglogue, vnder the persons of two shepheards Piers & Paulodie, be represented two formes of pastoures, or Ministers, or the protestant and the Catbolique: whose chiefe talke standeth in reasoning, whether the life of the one must be like the other. with whom having shewed, that it is daungerous to mainteine any felowship, or give too much credit to their courable

Maye.

lourable and feyned good will, he telleteth him a tale of the foxe, that by such a counterpoynct of craftines deceipted and devoured the credulouſe kidde.

Palinode. Piers,

I S not thilke the mery moneth of May,
When loue lada makēn in fresh aray?
How salles it then, we no merrier bene,
Vlike as others, gire in gaudy greene?
Our bloncket liueryes bene all to sadde,
For thilke same season, when all is ycladd
With pleasaunceithe ground with grasse, the Woods
With greene leaues, the bushes with bloosming buds.
Doughtes folke now flocken in every where,
To gathur may bus-kets and smelling breste:
And home they hanten the parkes to dight,
And all the Kirke yssours eare day light,
With Hawthorne buds, and swete Gylantine,
And girldons of roses and Soppes in wine.
Such merimake holy Saints doth queme,
But we here sytten as drownd in a dreame.

PIERS.

For Younkers Palinode such follies fitte,
But we tway bene men of elder witt.

PALINODE.

Sicker this morrowe, ne lenger agoe,
I sawe a shole of shepheardeſ ourgoe,
With singing, and shouting, and iolly cheere:
Before them rode a lusty Tabrere,
That to the many a Horne pype playd,
Whereto they dauncen eche one with his mayd.
To see thosſe folkes make ſuch iouylance,
Made my heart after the pype to daunce.
Tho to the greene Wood they ſpedden hem all,
To ſetchen home May with their musicall:
And home they bringen in a ropall thonne,
Crowned as king: and his Queene attone
Was Lady Flora, on whom did attend
A fayre flocke of faeries, and a fresh bend

¶

Of louely Nymphs. (O that I were there,
To helpen the Ladys their Maybush beare)
Ah Piers, bene not thy teeth on edge, to shinke,
How great spoyt they gaynen with little swinch.

PIERS.

Perdie so farre am I from enuie,
That their sondenesse ily I pitie.
Those saytours little regarden their charge,
While they letting their sheepe runne at large,
Passen their tyme, that shold be sparcly spent,
In lustihede and wanton merymene.
Thilke same bene shepheards for the Devils stedde.
That playen, while their flockes be unfedde.
Well is it seene, theyr sheepe bene not their owne,
That letten them runne at randon alone,
But they bene hyzed for little pay
Of other, that caren as little as they,
What fallen the flocke, so they han the fleece,
And get all the gayne, payng but a ppee.
I muse, what account both these will make,
The one for the hire, whiche he doth take,
And thother for leauing his Lords cal-ke,
When gread Pan acoount of shepheherdes shall as-ke.

PALINODE.

Sicker now I see thou speakest of spight,
All for thou lackest somedeale their delight.
I (as I am) had rather be enuied,
All were it of my soe, then sonly pitied:
And yet if neede were, pitied would be,
Rather, then other should scorne at me:
For pitied is mishappe, that nas remedie,
But scorne bene dedes of sond foolerie.
What shoulde shpheards other things tend,
Then lich their God his good does them send,
Reapen the fruite thereof, that is pleasure,
The while they here liuen, at ease and leasure?
For when they bene dead, their good is ygoe,

E.I.

Thep

Maye.

They sleepen in rest, well as other moe.
Tho with them wends, what they spent in cost,
But what they left behind them, is lost.
Good is no good, but if it be spend:
God giueth good for none other end.

PIERS.

Ah Palinodie, thou art a woyldes childe:
Who touches Pitch mought needes be defilde.
But thepheards (as Algrind vsed to say,)
Mought not live ylike, as men of the lape:
With them it sits to care for their heire,
Enaunter their heritage doe impaire:
They must prouide for meanes of maintenaunce,
And to continue their wont countenaunce.
But shepheard must walke another way,
Sike wordly souenance he must forsay.
The sonne of his loines why should he regard
To leaue enriched with that he hath spard?
Should not thilke God, that gaue him that good,
Eke cherish his child, if in his wayes he stod?
For if he mislue in leudnes and lust,
Little bootes all the welth and the cruff,
That his father left by iheritaunce:
All will be soone wasted with misgouvernaunce.
But thrrough this, and other their miscreature,
They maken many a wrong cheuisaunce,
Heaping vp waues of welth and woe,
The floddes whereof shall them ouerflowe.
Sike mens follie I cannot compare
Better, then to the Ayes folish care,
That is so etounoured of her young one,
(And yet God wote, such cause hath she none)
That with her hard hold, and straight embracing,
She stoppeth the breath of her youngling,
So often times, when as good is meant,
Evil ensueth of wrong entent.

The tyme was once, and may againe retorne,

(For

(For ought may happen, that hath bene before)
 When shepheards had none inheritance,
 Ne of land, nor fee in lufferance :
 But what might arise of the bare shewe,
 (Were it more or lesse) which they did keepe.
 Well ywis was it with shepheards thoe:
 Nought hauing, nought feared they to forgoe.
 For Pan himselfe was their inheritance,
 And little them serued for their mayntenance.
 The shephears God so wel them guided,
 That of nought they were unprovided,
 Butter enough, honye, milke, and whap,
 And their flockes fleeces, them to araye.
 But tract of time, and long prosperitee:
 That nource of vice, this of inslencie,
 Lulled the shepheards in such securitee,
 That not content with loyall obeynance,
 Some gan to gape for greedie gouernance,
 And match them selfe with mighty potentates,
 Louers of Lordship and troublers of states:
 Tho gan shepheards swaines to looke a lost,
 And leaue to live hard, and learne to ligge sofe:
 Tho vnder colour of shepheards, somewhatle
 There crept in Wolves, ful of fraude and guile,
 That often devoured their owne shewe,
 And often the shepheards, that did hem keepe.
 This was the first soule of shepear ds sorowe,
 That now nill be quitt with basle, nor horowe.

PALINODE.

Three thinges to beare, bene very burdenous,
 But the fourth to forbeare, is outragious.
 Wemen that of Loues longing once lust,
 Hardly forbearen, but haue it they myst:
 So when choler is inflamed with rage,
 Wanting reuenge, is hard to asswage:
 And who can counsell a christie soule,
 With patience to forbeare the offred bowle?

Maye.

But of all burdens, that a man can beare,
Moste is, a fooles talke to beare and to heare.
I wene the Geaunt has not such a weight,
That beares on his shoulders the heauens height.
Thou findest faulce, where nys to be found,
And buildest strong warke vpon a weake ground:
Thou raplest on right withouten reason,
And blamest hem much, for small encheason.
How shoulde shpheardes liue, if not so?
What? shoulde they pynen in payne and woe,
May layd I thereto, by my deare borrowe,
If I may rest, I will liue in sorrowe.

Soprowe ne neede be hastened on:
For he will come without calling anone:
While times enduren of tranquilltie,
Then we frely our felicitie.
For when approchen the stozme stowres,
We mought with our shoulders beare of the sharpe showres.
And sooth to sayne, nought seemeth like strife,
That shpheardes so witen ech others life,
And layen her faults the wold before,
The while their foes done eache of hem scorne.
Let none mislike of that may not be mended:
So conteck soone by concord mought be ended.

PIERS.

Shepheard, I list none accordaunce make
With shpheard, that does the right way for sake.
And of the twaine, if choice were to me,
Had leuer my foe, then my frend he be.
For what concord han light and darke lam?
Or what peace has the Lion with the Lambe.
Such fauors, when their false harts bene hidre.
Will doe, as did the Fox by the Kidde.

PALinode.

Now Piers, of felowship, tell vs that saying:
For the Ladde can keepe both our flocks from straying.

Piers

Thilke same Kidde (as I can well devise)
Was too very foolish and bwise.
For on a tyme in Sommer season,
The Gare her dame, that had good reason.
Wode forth absoave unto the greene wood,
To brouze, or play, or what shée thought good.
But soȝ shē had a motherly care
Of her young sonne, and wit to beware,
Shē set her youngling before her knee,
That was both fresh and louely to see,
And full of favour, as kidde mought be.
His Vellit head began to shooe out,
And his wreathed hornes gan newly sprout:
The blossomes of lust to bud did beginne,
And spring forth rankly vnder his chinne.
My sonne (quoth shē) (and with that gan weape:
For carefull thoughts in her heart did creepe)
God blesse thee poore Orphane, as he mought me,
And send thee ioy of thy iollitee
Thy fater (that word shē spake with payne:
For a sigh had nigh rent her heart in twaine)
Thy fater, had he liued this day,
To see the braunche of his body dispale,
How would he haue ioyed at this sweete sight?
But ah falle Fortune such ioy did him spight,
And curse of hys dayes with untimely woe,
Betraying him into the traines of hys foe.
Now I a mayfull widdome behight,
Of my old age haue this one delight,
To see thee succeede in thy fathers steade,
And florish in flowres of lusty head.
For euen so thy fater his head vpheld,
And so his hauty hornes did he wel.

Tho marking him with melting eyes,
A chylling chrobbe from her hart did aryste,
And interrupted all her other speache,

Maye.

With some old sorowne, that made a newe breache:
Seemed shee swie in the younglings face
The old lineaments of his fathers grace.
At last her solein silence shee broke,
And gan his newe budded beard to stroke
Riddie (quoth shee) thou kenst the great care,
I haue of thy health and thy welfare,
Whiche many wyld beastes liggen in waiste,
For to entrap in thy tender state:
But most the Foxe, maister of collusion:
For he has boued thy last confusione.
For thy my Riddie be rulde by mee,
And never giue cruse to his trecheree.
And if he chaunce come, when I am abroade,
Sperre the pate fast for feare of fraude:
Ne for all his worst, nor for his best,
Open the doore at his request.

So schooled the Gate her wanton sonne,
That answerd his mother, all shold be done.
Tho went the pensife Damme out of doore,
And chaunke to stomble at the threthold floore:
Her stombling steppe sonne whate her amazed,
(For such as signes of ill lucke bene dispraised)
Yet forth shee yode theraft hale aghast:
And Riddle the doore sperred after her fast.
It was not long, after shee was gone,
But the false Foxe came to the doore alone:
Not as a Foxe, for then he had be kend,
But all as a poore pedler he did wend,
Bearing a trusse of cryfles at hys backe,
As bells, and babes, and glasses in hys packe.
A Biggen he had got about his brayne,
For in his headpeace he felte a soore payne.
His hinder heele was wrapt in a clout,
For with great cold he had gotte the gout.
There at the doore he cast me downe hys packe,
And layd him downe, and groned, Alack, Alack.

Ah

Ah deare Lord, and sweete Sainct Chatitez,
That some good body woulde once pitie mee.

Well heard Kiddie al this soze constraint,
And lengd to know the cause of his complainz:
Tho creeping close behind the Wickets clinck,
Prewelie he peeped out through a chink:
Yet not so prettily, but the Foxe hym spyedz
For deceifull meaning is double eyed.

Ah good young maister (then gan he crye)
Jesus blesse that sweete face, I espye,
And keepe your copple from the carefull stounds,
That in my carriion carcas abounds.

The Kidde picyng hys heauynesse,
Asked the cause of his great distresse,
And also who, and whence that he were,
Tho he, that had well ycond his lere,
Thus medled his talke with many a teare,
Sicke, sicke, alas, and little lacke of dead,
But I be reslied by your beastlyhead.

I am a poore Sheepe, albe my coloure donnez
For with long trauile I am brent in the sonne.
And if that my Grandisice me sayd, be true,
Sicker I am very sybde to you:
So be your goodlihead doe not disdayne
The base kinred of so simple swaine.

Of mercy and fauour then I you pray,

With your ayd to forstall my neere decay.

Tho out of his packe a glasse he tooke:
Wherin while kiddie unlwares did looke,
He was so enamored with the newell,
That nought he deemed deare for the newell.
Tho opened he the doore, and in came
The false Foxe, as he were stark lame.
His caple he clapt betwixt his legs twayne,
Lest he shold be descrid by his trayne.

Being within, the Kidde made hym good glee,
All for the lone of the glasse he did see.

Maye.

After his chere the Pedler can chat,
And tell many lesings of this, and that :
And how he could shewe many a fine knack,
Tho shewed his ware, and opened his packe ,
All saue a bell, which he left behind
In the bas-ket for the Kidde to fynd.
Which when the Kidde scooped downe to catch,
He popt him in, and his bas-ket did latch,
He stayed he once, the doze to make fast,
But ranne awaie with him in all hast.
Home when the doubtfull Damme had her hyde,
She mought see the doze stand open wyde.
All agast, lowdly he gan to call
Her Kidde but he nould answere at all.
Tho on the flore he saue the merchandise,
Of which her sonne had sente to dere a pise.
What helpe? her Kidde shre knewe well was gone:
Shee weeped, and wayled, and made great mone.
Such end had the Kidde, for he nould warned be
Of craft, coloured with simplicitie:
And such end perdie does all hem remayne,
That of such falsers freendship bene fayne.

PALINODIE.

Truly Piers, thou art beside thy wif,
Furthest fro the marke, weeming it to hit,
Now I pray thee, lette me thy tale borowen
For sur sir John, to say to morrowe
At the Kerke, when it is holliday :
For well he meanes, but little can say.
But and if Foxes bene so crafty, as so,
Much needeth all Shepheards hem to knowe.

PIERS.

Of their fashode moze could I recount.
But now the bright Sunne gynneh to dismount :
And for the deawie night now doth mye,
I hold it best for vs, home to hye.

Palino-



G L O S S E.

Thilke) this same moneth. It is applyed to the season of the moneth, when all menne delight them selues vwith pleasaunce of fieldes, and gardens, and garments.

Bloncket lueries) gray coates. Yclad) arrayed, Y, redoundeth, as before.

In every where) a straunge, yet proper kind of speaking.

Buskets) a Diminutive, i. little bushes of hauthorne. Kirke) church. Queme) please.

A shole) a multitude; taken of fishe, whereof some going in great companies, are sayde to swimme in a shole.

Yode) wuent. Iouyssance) ioye. Syvinck) labour. Inly) entirely. Faytours) vagabonds.

Great pan) is Christ, the very God of all shepheards, which calleth himselfe the greate and good shepherd. The name is most rightly (me thinkes) applyed to him, for Pan signifieth all or omnipotent, vwhich is onely the Lord Iesus. And by that name (as I remember) he is called of Eusebius in his fift booke de Preparat. Euang; vwho thereof telleth a proper storie to that purpose. VVhich storie is first recorded of Plutarch, in his booke of the ceasing of oracles, & of Lauetere translated, in his booke of vvalking sprightes. vwho sayth, that about the satine time, that our Lord suffered his most bitter passion for the redemtione of man, certain passengers sayling from Italy to Cyprus and passing by certain Iles called Paxæ, heard a voyce calling alovvde Thamus, Thamus, (now Thamus vvas the name of an Ægyptian, vwhich was Pilote of the ship,) who giveng eare to the cry, was bidden, vwhen he came to Palodes, to tel, that the great Pan vvas dead: which he doubting to doe, yet for that vwhen he came to Palodes, there fodeinly vvas such a calme of winde, that the shipp stode still in the sea vnmoued, he vvas forced to cry alovvd, that Pan was dead: vwherevithall there was heard suche piteous outcryes and dreadfull shriking, as hath not bene the like. By vvhych Pan, though of some be vnderstoode the great Satanas, whose kingdome at that time vvas by Christ conquered, the gates of hell broken vp, and death by death deliuered to eternall death, (for at that time, as he sayth, all Oracles surceased, and enchaunted spirits, that vvere wont to delude the people, thenceforth held theyr peace) & also at the demaund of the Emperoure Tiberius, who that Pan should be, ansyvere vvas made him by the vvisest and best learned, that it vvas the sonne of Mercurie and Penelope, yet I think it more properly meant of the death of Christ, the onely and very Pan, then suffering for his flock.

I as I am) seemeth to imitate the commen prouerb, Malim Inuidere mihi omnes quanti miserescere.

Nas) is a syncope, for he has, or has not: as nould, for vwould not.

The vwith them] doth imitate the Epitaphe of the tyrotous king Sardanapalus, vvhych F. caused

May.

caused to be written on hiscombe in Grecce: which veres be thus translated by Tullie.

„ Hec habui quæ edi, quæque exatura libido
„ Hauit, at illa manent multa ac p̄cedata relicta.

which may thus be turned into English.

„ All that I eate did I ioye, and all that I greedily gorged:

„ As for those many goodly matters left I for others.

Much like the Epitaph of a good olde Erle of Deuonshire, which though much more wisedome bewraith, then Sardanapalus, yet hath a smacke of his sensall delights and beastlynesse. the rymes be thele.

„ Ho, Ho, who lies here?

„ I the good Erle of Deuonshire,

„ And Maulde my wife, that ywas ful deare,

„ VVe liued together lv. yeare.

„ That vve spent, vve had:

„ That vve gaue, vve haue;

„ That vve lefte, vve lost.

Algim) the name of a shepheard. Men of the Lay) Lay men. Etawnter) least that. Souenaunce) remembraunce. Miscreunce) despere or misbelieve. Cheuifaunce) sometime of Chaucer vsed for game: sometime of other for spoyle, or boote, or enterprise, and sometime for chiedome.

Pan himselfe) God. according as is sayd in Deuteronomie, That in diuision of the lande of Canaan, to the tribe of Leuie no portion of heritage should bee allotted, for G O D himselfe vvas their inheritaunce

Some gan) meant of the Pope, and his Antichristian prelates, which vsurpe a tyrannical dominion in the Churche, and with Peters counterfet keyes, open a wyde gate to al wickednesse and insolent gouernement. Nought here spoken, as of purpose to deny fathery rule and godly gouernance (as some malitiously of late have done to the great vnreste and hinderaunce of the Churche) but to displaye the pride and disorder of such, as in steede of feeding their sheepe, indeede feede of theyr sheepe

Sourc) vvelspring and originall. Borrowe) pledge or suerie.

The Gaeaunte) is the greate Atlas, vvhom the poetes feign to be a huge geaunt, that beareth Heauen on his shoulders: being in deede a meruulous highe mountaine in Mauritania, that nowv is Barbarie, vvhich to mans seeming perceeth the cloudes, and seemeth to touch the heauens. Other think, and they not amisse, that this fable was meant of one Atlas king of the same countrey, (of vvhom may bee, that that he had his denomination) brother to Prometheus (who as the Grekes say) did first synd out the hidden courses of the starres, by an excellent imagination vwherefore the poetes feigned, that he susteyned the firmament on hys shoulders. Many other conjectures needelesse be told hereof.

VVarke) vvoike: Encheason) cause, occasion.

Deare borow) that is our saviour, the commen pledge of all mens debts to death.

VVytten) blame. Nought seemeth) is vnseemely. Coneck) strift contention. H[er]theyr, as vseth Chaucer. Han) for haue. Sam) together.

This

This tale is much like to that in Aesops fables, but the Catastrophe and end is farre different. By the Kidde may be ynderstoode the simple sorte of the faychfull and true Churhians. By hys dame Christe, that hath alreadie vwith carefull vwatchewords (as heire doth the gote) vwarnd his little ones, to beware of such doulting deceit. By the Foxe, the false and faithlesse Papistes, to whom is no credit to be giuen, nor felownshippe to be vled.

The gate) the Gote: Northermely spoken to turne O into A. Yode) went. aforesayd She set) A figure called Fictio which vseth to attribute reasonable actions and speaches to vnreasonable creatures.

The bloomes of lust) be the young and mossie heares, vwhich then beginne to sprout and shooote foorth, when lustfull heate beginneth to kindle.

And with) A very Poeticall note.

Orphane) A youngling or pupill, that needeth a Tutor and governour.

That wword) A pathetrical parenthesis, to encrease a carefull Hyperbaton.

The braunch) of the fathers body, is the child.

For eu'en so) Alluded to the saying of Andromache to Ascanius in Virgile.

Sic oculos, sic ille manus, sic ora ferebat.

A thrilling throb) a percing sighe, Liggen) lye.

Maister of collusion) Coloured guile, because the Foxe of al beastes is most wily & crafty.

Sperre the yate) Shut the dore.

For such) The gotes stombling is here noted as an euill signe. The like to be marked in all histories: and that not the leaste of the Lorde Hastings in king Rycharde the third his dayes. For beside his daungerous dreame (vvhiche vvas a shrevde prophecie of his mishap, that folowed) it is layd that in the morning ryding toward the tower of London, there to hitte vpon matters of counsell, his horse stumbled twise or thrise by the vway: vvhich of some, that ryding vwith hym in his company, were priue to his neere destenie, vvas secretly marked, and afterward noted for memorie of his great mishap, that enfevved. For being then as merye, as man might be, and least doubting any mortall daunger, he was with in two hovvres after, of the Tyranne put to a shamefull deathe.

As belles) by such trifles are noted, the reliques and ragges of popish superstition, which put no smal religion in Belles: and Babies. S. Idoles: and glases. S. Paxes, and such lyke trumpeties.

Great cold) For they boast much of their outward patience, and voluntarye sufferaunce as a worke of merite and holy humblenesse.

Sweete S. Charicte. The Catholiques comen othe, and onely speache, to haue charitye alvvayes in their mouth, and sometime in their outward Actions, but never inwardly in fayth and godly zake.

Clincke) a key hole. VVhose diminutiuue is clicket, vfed of Chaucer for a Key.

Stroundes) fittes: aforesayde. His lere) his lesson. Medled) mingled.

Besthhead) agreeing to the person of a beast. Sibbe) of kynne

Nevvell) a nevve thing. To forestall) to praeuent. Glee] chere, aforesayde.

Deare) price.) his lyte, vwhich he lost for those toyes.

Such ende) is an Epiphonēma, or rather the morall of the whole tale, vvhose purpose is to vwarne the protestant bevvare, hovve he geueth credit to the vnsaythfull

F.2. Catholique

May.

Catholique: whereto we haue dayly proothes sufficient, but one moche famous
of all, practised of Late yeares in Fraunce by Charles the synth.
Fayne) gladde or desyrous.
Our sir John) a Popishe priest, A saying set for the grosseesse of a shepheard, but spo-
ken to taunte vnaunted Priestes.
Dismount) descend or set.
Nye) dravveth nere.
Embleme.

Both these Emblemes make one vvhole Hexametre. The first spoken of Palinodie, as in
reproche of them, that be distrustfull, is a peice of Theognis verse, intending,
that ywho doth most mistrust is most false. For such experiance in falsehood bree-
deth mistrust in the mynd, thinking nofayre guyle to lurke in others, then in hym-
selfe. But Piers thereto strongly replyeth vwith another peice of the same verse,
saying as in his former fable, wherayth then is there in the faythlesse. For if
fayth be the ground of religion, whiche fayth they dayly false, what hold then is
there of theyr religion. And thys is all that they saye.

June.



Ægloga sexta.

ARGUMENT.

This Æglogue is wholly vowed to the complaining of Colins ill successe
in his loue. For being (as is aforesaid) enamoured of a Country lass Ro-
salind, and hauing (as seemeth) founde place in her heart, he lamenteth to
his deare frend Hobbinoll, that he is nowe forsaken vnfaitfully, and in
his stede Menalcas, another shepheard received disloyally. And this is the
whole Argument of this Æglogue.

Hobbinoll

HOBBINOL.

COLIN Clore.



D Collni, here the place, whose pleasant syte
From other shades hath weand my wandring mynde.
Tell me, what want's me here, to worke velyte?
The simple ayre, the gentle warbling wynde,
So calme, so coole, as no where else I synde:
The grassyè ground with daintye Daylies dight,
The Bramble bush, where Byrds of every kynde
To the waters fall thet tuknes attemper right.

COLLIN.

D happy Hobbinoll, I blesse thy state,
That Paradise hast found, whych Adam lost.
Here wander may thy flock early or late,
Withouten dreade of Woules to bene ylost:
Thy louely lapes here mayst thou freely boste.
But I vnhappy man, whom cruell fate,
And angry Gods pursue from coste to coste,
Can nowhere synd, to shouder my lucklesse pate.

HOBBINOLL.

Then if by me thou list aduised be,
Forlak the soyle, that so doth the bewitch:
Leave me those hilles, where harbrough nis to see,
Nor holibush, nor brier, nor winding witche:
And to the dales resorte, where Shpheards ritch,
And fruicifull flocks bene every where to see.
Here no night Rauene lodge more black then pitch,
Nor elvish ghosts, nor gasty owles doe flee.

But frendly Faeries, met with many Graces,
And lighfote Nymphes can chace the lingring nighg,
With Heydeguyes, and trimly trodden traces,
Whilke systers nyne, which dwell on Parnasse hight,
Doe make them mulick, for their more delighg,
And Pan himselfe to kisse their chistall faces,
With yppre and daunce, when Phœbe shinet byght:
Such pierlesse pleasures haue we in these places.

COLLIN.

And I, whylst yowth, and courte of carelesse peers

June.

2
Die let me walke withouten lincks of loue,
In such delights did toy amongst my peeres :
But ryper age such pleasures doth reþroue,
My fancye eke from former follies moe
To stayed steps for time in passing weares
(As garments doen, which weren old aboue)
And draweth newe delights with hoary heares.

Tho couch I sing of loue, and tune my pype
Unto my plaintive pleas in verles made:
Tho would I seeke for Queene apples vntyppe,
To give my Rosalind, and in Sommer shade
Dight gaudy Girlands, was my comen trade,
To crowne her golden locks, but peeres more type,
And losse of her, whose loue as lyke I wayd,
Those weary wanton toyes away dyd wyppe.

HOBBINOLL.

Colin, to heare thy rymes and roindelayes,
Whiche thou were wont on wastfull hylls to singe,
In more delight, then larke in Sommer dayes :
Whose Echo made the neyghbour groues to ring,
And taught the byrds, which in the lower syng
Did shroude in shadie leaues from somm rapes,
Frame to thy songe their cherefyl cheriping,
Dy hold theyr peace, for shame of thy swete lapes.

I saue Calliope wþth Muses moe,
Sooone as thy oaten pype began to sound,
Theyr yuþp Lutes and Tamburins forgoe:
And from the fountaine, where they sat around,
Renne after hastely thy siluer sound.
But when they came, where thou thy self didst shewe,
They drewe abacke, as halfe with shame confound,
Shepheard to see, them in theyr art outgoe.

COLLIN.

Of Muses Hobbinel I come no fkill:
For theyre bene daughters of the hygheit loue,
And holden scorne of yonely shepheards quill.

For sих I heard, that Pan with Phebus strome,
Whiche him to much rebuke and Daunger droue:
I never wyl presume to Parnasse hyll,
But wyping lowe in shad of lowly groue,
I play to please my selfe, all be it ill.

Wought weigh I, who my song doth prapse or blame
Ne striue to winne renowne, or passe the rest:
With shepheards sutes vot, followe flying fame:
But seeoe his flocke in fielde, where falls hem best,
I wote my rymes bene tough, and rubely drest:
The syuer therp, my carefull casle to frame:
Enough is me to paint out my vrest,
And poure my pitous plaints out in the same.

The God of shepheards Tityrus is dead,
Who caught me homely, as I can, to make.
He, whilst he liued, was the soueraigne head
Of shepheards all, that bene with loue ytake:
Well couth he waple hys cloes, and lightly flake
The flames, whiche loue within his heart had breed,
And tell vs mery tales, to keepe vs wake,
The while our sheepe about vs safely sedde.

Nowe dead he is, and lyech wrapt in lead,
(O why shold death on hym such outrage shewe?)
And all hys passing skil with him is fledde,
The same whereof doth dayly greater growe.
But if on me some little drops would flowe,
Of that the spryng was in his learned hedde,
I soone would learne these woods, to waple my woe,
And teache the trees, their trickling teares to shedde.

Then shold my plaints, cauld of discurtelee,
As messengers of all my painfull plight,
Flye to my loue, where ever that she bee,
And pierce her heart with pount of worthy wights:
As shee deserues, that wrought so deadly spight.

June.

And thou Menadras, that by trecheree
Didst undersong my lasse, to were so light,
Shouldest well be knowne for such thy villanee.

But since I am not, as I wish I were,
Ye gentle shepheards, which your flockes do feede,
Whether on hyls, or dales, or other where,
Beare witnesse all of thy so wicked deede:
And tell the lasse, whose flowre is woxe a weede,
And faullesse fayth, is turned to faullesse fere;
That he the truest shepheards hart made bleede,
That lyues on earth, and loued her most dere.

HOBBINOL.

O carefull Colin, I lament thy case,
Thy teares would make the hardest flint to flowe,
Ah faullesse Rosalind, and voide of grace,
That art the roote of all this ruthfull woe.
But now is time, I gesse, homeward to goe:
Then rysle ye blessed flockes, and home apace,
Least night with stealing steppes do you forfloe,
And west your tender Lambes, that by you trace.

Colins Embleme.

Gia speme spenta.

GLOSS E.

Syte) situation and place.

Paradise) A Paradise in Greeke signifieth a Garden of pleasure, or place of delights. So he compareth the soile, vtherin Hobbinoll made his abode, to that earthly Paradise, in scripture called Eden; vwherein Adam in his first creation was placed. Which of the most learned is thought to be in Mesopotamia; the most fertile and pleasaunte country in the wworld (as may appeare by Diodorus Syculus description of it, in the historie of Alexanders conquest thereof.) Lying betweene the two famous Ryuers (which are sayd in scripture to flowe out of Paradise) Tygris and Euphrates, vthiereof it is so denominated.

Forsake the soyle) This is no poetical fiction; but vnsenyedly spoken of the Poete selfe, who for speciall occasion of priuate affayres (as I haue bene partly of himselfe informed)

informed) and for his more preferment remouing out of the Northparts came into the South, as Hobbinoll indeede aduised him priuately.

Those hylles) that is the North countrye, where he dwelt. *Nis* is not.

The Dales) The Southpartes, where he nowe abydeth, which thoughte they be full of hylles and vwoodes (for Kent is very hylle and vwoode; and therefore so calld: for Kent in the Saxons tongue signifieth vwoodie) yet in respecte of the Northpartes they be called dales. For indeede the North is counted the higher countrye.

Night Rauens &c.) by such hatefull byrdes, he meaneth all misfortunes (Vvheneof they be tokens) flying euery vwhere.

Frendly faeries) the opinion of Faeries and elses is very old, and yet sticketh very religiously in the myndes of some. But to roote that rancke opinion of Elses oute of mens hearts, the truthe is, that there be no such thinges, nor yet the shadowes of the thinges, but onely by a sort of bald Friars and knauish shuelings so feigned; vwhich as in all other things, so in that, soughte to nouell the comen people in ignorounce, least being once acquainted vwith the truthe of thinges, they vwoulde in tyme scyll out the vntruth of theyr packed pelfe and Massepenie religion. But the sooth is, that vwhen all Italy was distraictes into the Factions of the Guelfes and the Gibelins, being two famous houses in Florence, the naime began through their great mischieves and many outrages, to be so odious or rather dreadfull in the peoples eares, that if theyr children at any time vvere frowarde and vwanton, they would say to them that the Guelfe or the Gibleine came.

Vvhich vwords novve from them (as many thinges els) be come into our vusage; and for Guelfes and Gibelins, we say Elses & Goblins. No otherwise then the Frenchmen vsed to say of that valiaunt captain, the very scourge of Fraunce, the Lord Thalbot, afterward Earle of Shrevs bury; whose nobleesse bred such a terror in the hearts of the French, that oft times euen great armes vvere defaceted & put to fflght at the onely hearing of his naime. In somuch that the Fréch vvenmen, to affray theyr chyldren, vwould tell them that the Talbot commeth.

Many Graces) though there be indeede but three Graces or Charites (as afores is sayd) or at the vtmost but four, yet in respect of many gyftes of bountie, there may be sayde more. And so Musæus sayth, that in Heros eyther eye there satte a hundred graces. And by that authoritye, thys same Poete in his Pageaunts sayth. An hundred Graces on her eyeledde satte. &c.

Haydegues) A country daunce or rovnd. The concept is, that the Graces and Nymphyes doe daunce vnto the Muses, and Pan his musickie all night by Mooneight. To signifie the pleasauntnesse of the soyle.

Peeres] Equalles and fellow shepheards. Queneapples vnrripe) imitating Virgils verse. *Ipsa ego cana legam tenera lanugine mala.*

Neighbour groues) a straunge phrase in English, but vword for vword expressing the Latine *vicina nemora*.

Spring) not of vwater, but of young trees springing. Calliope) afforesayde. Thys staffe is is full of verie poetical inuention. Tamburines) an olde kind of instrument, which of some is supposed to be the Clarion.

Pan vwith Phœbus) the tale is wel knowne, howe that Pan and Apollo striuing for excellencie

Fune.

cellencye in musick, chose Midas for their iudge. VVho being corrupted vvyth partiall affection, gaue the victorye to Pan vndeserued: for vwhich Phoebus fette a payre of Asses eares vpon hys head &c.

Tityrus) That by Tityrus is meant Chaucer, hath bene already sufficiently sayde, & by thys more playne appeareth, that he sayth, he tolde merye tales. Such as be hys Canterbury tales. vvhom he calleth the God of Poetes for hys excellencie, so as Tullie calleth Lentulus, *Detum vita sua* i.e. the God of hys lyfe.

To make) to versifie. O vvhy] A pretye Epanorthosis or correction.

Discurſeſe) he meaneth the falſenesſe of his louer Rosalinde, who forſaking hym, hadde chosen another.

Poynte of worthy wite] the pricke of deserued blame.

Menalcas] the name of a ſhephearde in Virgile; but here is meant a person vndeſtownde and ſecrete, agaynt vvhom he often bitterly inuayeth.

vnderſc. ge] vndermynde and deceiue by falſe ſuggeſtione.

Embleme.

You remember, that in the fyſt Aeglogue, Colins Poesie vwas Anchora ſpeme: for that as then there vwas hope of fauour to be found in tyme. But nowe being cleane forlorne and reiecte of her, as whose hope, that was, is cleane extinguiſhed and turned into despeyre, he renounceſt all comfort and hope of goodneſſe to come. vvhich is all the meaning of thyſt Embleme.





Ægloga septima.

ARGUMENT.

This *Æglogue* is made in the honour and commendation of good sheperdes, and to the shame and dispraye of proude and ambitious Pastours. Such as Morrell is here imagined to bee.

Thomalin. Morrell.

I S not thilke lame a goteheard proude,
that sittes on yonder bancke,
Whose straying heard them selfe doth shrowde
emong the bushes rancke?

Morrell.

What ho, thou iollye shepheards swayne,
come by the hyll to me:
Better is, then the lowly playne,
als for thy flocke, and thee.

Thomalin.

Ah God shield, man, that I should clime,
and learne to looke aloste,
This reede is ryse, that ofteentime
Great clymers fall vnsust.

July.

In humble dales is sodding fast,
the crode is not so crickle:
And though one fall through heedlesse hast,
yet is his misse not mickle.
And now the Sonne hath reared by
his fyriesooted teme,
Making his way betweene the Cuppe,
and golden Diademme:
The rampant Lyon hunts he fast,
with Dogge of noslome breath,
Whose balefull barking bringes in hast
pyne, plagues, and dreery death.
Agaynst his cruell scotching heate
where hast thou couerture?
The wastefull hylls unto his threate
is a playne ouverture.
But if thee lust to holden that
with seely shepherds swayne,
Come downe, and learne the little what,
that Thomalin can sayne.

Morrell.

Syker, thou but a laesie lord,
and rekes much of thy swinck,
That with sondiernes, and weetlesse words
to blere myne eyes doest thinke.
In euill houre thou hentest in hond
thus holy hylls to blame,
For sacred unto saints they stond,
and of them han theyz name.
S. Michels mount who does not know,
that wardes the Welkerne coster
And of S. Brigets bowme I crow,
all Kent can rightly boaste:
And they that con of Muses skill,
sayne most what, that they dwell
(As gotheards won) upon a hill,
beside a learned well.

End

And wonned not the great God Pan,
Upon mount Oliuet:

Feeding the blessed flocke of Pan,
Which dyd himselfe beget?

Thomalin.

O blessed sheepe, O shepheard great,
That bought his flocke so deare,
And them did saue with bloudy sweat
From Wolves, that would them teare.

Morrel.

Besyde, as holy fathers sayne,
There is a hyllye place,
Where Titan rylseth from the mayne,
To renne hys dayly race.
Upon whose toppe the starres bene stayed,
And all the skie doth leane,
There is the caue, where Pebe layed,
The shepheard long to dreame.

Whilome there vled shepheards all
To feede theye flockes at will,
Till by his soyl one did fall,
That all the rest did spill.

And sithens shepheardes bene foresayd
From places of deligh:

For thy I weene thou be affrayd,
To clune this hilles height.

Of Synah can I tell thee more,
And of our Ladyes bowre:
But little needes to strow my stoe,
Suffise this hill of our.
Here han the holp Faunes resource,
And Syluanes haunten rathe.
Here has the salt Medway his sourse,
Wherein the Nymphes doe bathe.
The salt Medway, that trickling stremis
Adowne the dales of Kent:

G.3.

Vill

Julye.

Till with his elder brother Themis
His brackish waues be meynct.
Here growes *Melampode* every where,
and *Teribinth* good for Gotes:
The one, my madding kiddes to smere,
the next, to heale theyz throtes.
Here to, the hills bene nigher heuen,
and thence the passage ethere.
As well can youe the piercing leuin,
that seeldome falls bynethe.

Thomalin.

Syker thou speakes lyke a lewde boyrell,
of H. auen to deynys so:
How be I am but rude and boyrell,
yet nearer wayes I knowe.
To Kerke the narre, from God moze farre,
has bene an old sayd sawe.
And he that strives to touch the starres,
oft stumbles at a strawe,
Alsoone may shepheard clymbe to skye,
that leades in lowly dales,
As Goteherd prouid that sitting hye,
upon the Mountaine sayles.
My seely sheepe like well belowe,
they neede not *Melampode*:
For they bene hale enough, I trowe,
and likyn theyz abode.
But if they with thy Gotes shold yede,
they soone myght be corrupted:
Dy like not of the frowie ffe,
or with the weedes be glutted.
The bylls, where dwelled holy saints,
I reuerence and adore:
Not for themselves, but for the saynts,
Whiche han be dead of yore.
And nowe they bene to heauen forewent,
theyz good is with them goe:

Thym

Theyz sample onely to vs lente,
 That als we mought doe lde.
 Shepheards they weren of the best,
 and liued in lowlye leas:
 And sith theyz soules bene now at rest,
 why done we them discese?
 Such one he was, (as I haue heard
 old Algrind often sayne)
 That whilome was the first Shepheard,
 and liued with little gayne:
 As meeke he was, as meeke mought be,
 simple, as simple sheepe,
 Humble, and like in ech degree
 the flocke, whiche he did keepe.
 Often he vised of hys keepe
 a sacrifice to bring,
 Nowe with a Riddone, now with a sheepe
 the Altars hallowing.
 So lowted he vnto hys Lord,
 such fauour couth he fynd,
 That sithens neuer was abhord,
 the simple Shepheards kynd.
 And such I weene the brethmen were,
 that came from Canaan:
 The brethmen twelue, that kept ysere
 the flockes of mighty Pan.
 But nothing such thilk Shephearde was,
 whom I da hyll dyd beare,
 That left hys flocke, to fetch a lasse,
 whose loue he bought to deare:
 For he was proude, that ill was payd,
 (no such mought Shepheards bee)
 And with lewde lust was overlayd:
 tway things doen ill agree:
 But Shepheard mought be meeke and mylde,
 well eyed, as Argus was,

Julye.

With fleshly follyses undefyled,
and stoute as steede of brasle.
Sike one (sayd Algrin) Moses was,
that salwe hys makers face,
His face moze cleare, then Chissall glasse,
and spake to him in place.
This had a brother, (his name I knewe)
the first of all his cote,
A shepheard trewe, yet not so true,
as he that earst I hote
Whilome a. these were lowe, and lief,
and loued their flockes to feede,
They never strouen to be thiefe,
and simple was theyre weede.
But now (thanked be God therefore)
the world is well amend,
Their weedes bene not so nighly more,
such simplesse mought them shend:
They bene yclad in purple and pall,
so hath theyre god them blist,
They reigne and rulen ouer all,
and lord it, as they list:
Dgyrt with beltes of glisterand gold.
(mought theyre good shepheards bene)
Theyre Ban theyre sheepe to them has sold,
I saye as some haue seena.
For Palinore (ffichu han ken)
yode late on Pilgrimage
To Rome; (if such be Rome) and then
he salwe thilke misusage.
For shepheards (sayd he) there doen leade,
as Lordes done other wher,
Theyre sheepe han crutes, and they the bread:
the chippes, and they the cheare:
They han the fleece, and eke the flesh,
(O seely sheepe the while)
The corne is theyre, let other threly,
theit hands they may not file.

They

They han great stroes, and thristye stockes,
 great freendes and feeble foes:
 What neede hem caren for their flockes?
 they boyes can looke to those.
 These wilards weltre in welths waues,
 pampered in pleasures deepe,
 They han fatte kernes, and leany knaues,
 their fassing flockes to keepe.
 Sike mister men bene all misgone,
 they heapan hylles of wrath:
 Sike sylype shepheards han we none,
 they keepen all the path.

Morrell.

Here is a great deale of good matter,
 lost for lacke of telling,
 Now sicker I see, thou doest but clatter:
 harme may come of melling.
 Thou medlest moare, then shall hane thanke,
 to wryten shepheards welth:
 When folke bene fat, and riches ranche,
 it is a signe of helth.
 But say me, what is *Algryne* he,
 that is so oft bynemyd.

Thomalin.

He is a shepheard great in gree,
 but hath bene long yppent.
 One daye he sat vpon a hyll,
 (as now thou wouldest me:
 But I am caught by *Algryns* ill.
 to loue the lowe degree.)
 For sicting so with bared scalpe,
 An Eagle sozed hye,
 That weening hys whyte head was chalke,
 a shell fish downe let flye:
 She weend the shell fishe to haue bwoake,
 but therewith bruzd his brayne,
 So now astonied with the stroke,
 blyves in lenghing payne.

H

Morrell.

Julye.

Morrell.

Ah good Algrin, his hap was ill,
but shall be better in time.
Now farewell shepheard, sith thys hyll
thou hast such doubt to climbe.

Palinodes Embleme.

In medio virtus.

Morrells Embleme.

In summo felicitas.



G L O S S E.

A Goteheard] By Gotes in scripture be represented the wicked and reprobate, vvhose pastour also must needs be such:

Banck] is the seate of honor. Straying heard] which wander out of the wye of truth. Als] for also. Clymbe] spoken of Ambition. Great clymbers] according to Sene- neca his yerse, Decidunt celsa grauiore lapsus. Muckle] much.

The sonne] A reason, why he refuseth to dwell on Mountaines, because there is no shel- ter against the scorching sunne, according to the tyme of the yeare, vvhiche is the vvhottest moneth of all.

The Cupp and Diadem] Be ttwo signes in the Firmament, through vvhich the sonne maketh his course in the moneth of July.

Lion] Thys is Poetically spoken, as if the Sunne did hunt a Lion, vvhith one Dogge. The meaning vvhhereof is, that in July the sonne is in Leo At vvhich tyme the Dogge starre, vvhich is called Syrius or Canicula reigneith, vvhith immoderate heate causing Pestilence, droughth, and many diseases.

Ouerture] an open place. The vword is borrowed of the French, & vsed in good writers To holden chatt) to talke and prate.

A loorde] vvas vvoat among the old Britons to signisise a Lorde. And therefore the Danes, that long time vsurped theyr Tyrannie here in Brytanie, vvere called for more dread and dignitie, Lurdanes. Lord Danes. At vvhich tyme it is sayd, that the insolencie and pryme of that nation vvas so outragious in thys Realme, that if it fortuned a Briton to be going ouer a bridge, and savve the Dane set foote vpon the same, he muste retorne back, till the Dane vvere cleane ouer, or els abyde the pryce of his displeasure, which vvas no lesse, then present death. But be- ing afterwarde expelled that name of Lurdane became so odious vnto the people, whom they had long oppressed, that even at this daye they vse for more reproche, to call the Quartane ague the Feuer Lurdane.

Recks much of thy swinck) counts much of thy paynes. VVeclesse] not understande.

S. Michels

S. Michel's mount) is a promontorie in the VVest part of England.
 A hill) Parnassus afforefad. Pan Christ. Dan) One trybe is put for the whole nation per Synecdochen
 VVhere Titan) the Sonne. VVhich story is to be redde in Diodorus Syc. of the hyl Ida; from whence he sayth, all night time is to bee seene a mighty fire, as if the skye burned, vvhich toward morning beginneth to gather into a rownd forme, and thereof ryseth the sonne, whome the Poetes call Titan:
 The Shepheard] is Endymion, vvhom the Poets sayne, to haue bene so beloued of Phœbe, f. the Moone, that he vvas by her kept a sleepe in a caue by the space of xxx. yeares, for to enioye his companye.
 There) that is in Paradise, vvhile through errore of shepheards vnderstanding, he sayth, that all shepheards did vse to feede theyr flocks, till one, (that is Adam by hys follye and disobedience, made all the rest of hys offspring be debarred & shurte out from thence.
 Synah) a hill in Arabia, vvhile God appeared.
 Our Ladyes bovrre) a place of pleasure so called.
 Faunes or Syluanes] be of Poetes feigned to be Gods of the VVoode.
 Medway] the name of a Ryuer in Kent, vvhich running by Rochester, meeteth with Thames; whom he calleth his elder brother, borth because he is greater, and also falleth sooner into the Sea.
 Meynt] mungled. Melampode and Terebinth] be hearebes good to cure diseased Gotes. of thone speaketh Mantuane, and of thother Theocritus.
 Nigher heauen] Note the shepheards simpenesse, vvhich supposeth that from the hylls is nearer waye to heauen.
 Lemn] Lightening; vvhich he taketh for an argument, to proue the nighnes to heauen, because the lightning doth comenly light on hygh mountaynes, according to the saying of the Poete. Feruntque fulmina montes.
 Lorrell] A losell. A borrell] a playne fellowe. Narre] nearer.
 Hale] for hole. Yede] goe. Frovvye] mustye or mossie.
 Of yore] long agoe. Foreyente] gone afore.
 The fiste shepheard] vvas Abell the righteous, vvhoso (as scripture sayth) bent hys mind to keeping of sheape, as did hys brother Cain to tilling the grownde.
 His keepe] hys charge f. his flocke. Lovvred] did honour and reuerence.
 The brethren] the twelue sonnes of Iacob, vvhich vvere shepemasters, and lyued one lye thereupon.
 VVhom Ida] Paris, which being the sonne of Priamus king of Troy, for his mother He-cubas dreame, vvhich being vvhich child of hym, dreamed shee broughte forth a firebrand, that set all the towre of Ilium on fire, was cast forth on the hyl Ida; vvhich being fostered of shepheards, he eke in time be came a shepheard, and lastly came to knovledge of his parentage.
 A lasse] Helena the vvyfe of Menelaus king of Lacedemonia, vvas by Venus for the golden Aple to her geuen, then promised to Paris, who therupon vvhich a sorte of lustye Troyanes, tolle her out of Lacedemonia, and kept her in Troye, which vvas the cause of the tenne yeares warre in Troye, and the most famous citie

Fulye.

of all Asia, most lamentably sacked and defaced.

Argus] was of the Poets devised to be full of eyes, and therefore to hym was committed the keeping of the transformed Covv Io: So called because that in the print of a Covves foote, there is figured an I in the middlest of an O.

His name) he meaneth Aaron: whose name formore Decorum, the shephearde sayth he hath forgot, leſt his remembraunce and ſkill in antiquities of holy vvert should ſeeme to exceede the meane nesse of the Person.

Not ſo true) for Aaron in the absence of Moses ſtaried aſide, and committed Idolatry.

In purple] Spoken of the Popes and Cardinales, vvhich vſe ſuch tyrranical colours and pompos paynting. Belts) Girdles.

Glitterand) Glittering, a Participle vſed ſometime in Chaucer, but altogether in I. Goore Theyr Pan) that is the Pope, vvhom they count theyre God and greatest ſhepheard.

Palinode) A ſhephearde, of vvhofe report he ſeemeth to ſpeak all thys.

VVisards) greate learned heads. VVeler) wallove, Kerne) a Churle or Farmer.

Sike mifer men) ſuch kinde of men. Surly) ſtately and provde Melling) medling.

Bett) better. Bynempte) named. Gree) for degree.

Algrin the name of a ſhepheard aſforeſayde, vvhofe myſhap he alludeth to the chaunce, that happened to the Poet Aſchylus, that vwas brayned with a ſhellſhie.

Embleme.

By thys poeſye Thomalin conſimeth that, vvhich in hys former ſpeach by ſondrye reaſons he had proued for being both hymſelfe ſequeſtrid from all ambition and also abhorring it in others of hys core, he taketh occaſion to prayſe the meane and lovvly ſtate, as that wherein is ſafetie vwithout feare, and quiet without dan ger, according to the ſaying of olde Philosophers, that vertue dwelleth in the middest, being enuironed vwith two contrary vices: vvhethero Morell replieth vwith continuauance of the ſame Philosophers opinion, that albeit all bountye dwelleth in mediocritie, yet perfect felicitye dwelleth in ſupremacie. for they ſay, and moſt true it is, that happiness is placed in the highest degree, ſo as if any thing be higher or better, then that ſtreight way ceaſeth to be perfect happiness. Much like to that, vvhich once I heard alleaged in defence of humilitye out of a great doctour, Suorum Christiſhumillimus: which ſaying a gentle man in the company taking at the rebownd, beate baſe again vwith lyke ſaying of an other Doctour, as he ſayde. Suorum deus allifimus.





Ægloga octaua.

ARGVMENT.

IN this Æglogue is set forth a delectable contouersie, made in imitation
of that in *T beocritus*: whereto also Virgile fashioned his third & seuenth
Æglogue. They choose for vmpere of their strife, Cuddie a neat beards boye,
who hauing ended their cause, reciteth also himselfe a proper song, wherof
Colin be sayth was Authour.

VVillye. Perigot. Cuddie.
Tell me Perigot, what shalbe the game,
 Wherfore with myne shou dare thy musick matche?
 O^r bene thy Bagpypes renne satre out of frame?
 O^r hath the Crampe thy ioynts benoind with aches?
 Perigot.
 Ah W^{il}lye, when the hart is ill assayve,
 How can Bagpipe, or ioynts be well ayayd?
 VVillye.
 What the soule euill hath thee so bestadde?
 Whilom thou was peregall to the best,
 And wont to make the iolly shepheards gladde
 With pyping and dauncing, didst pasle the rest.

H.3. Perigot

August.

Perigot.

Ah willye now I haue learnyd a newe batynce:
My old musick mard by a newe mischaunce.

VVillye.

Mischiefe mought to that newe mischaunce befall,
That so hath rast vs of our merimente.
But rede me, what Payne doth thee so appall?
O louest thou, or bene thy younglings miswente?

Perigot.

Loue hath misled both my younglings, and mee:
I pyne for Payne, and they my Payne to see.

VVillye.

Perdie and wellawayenill may they thynue:
Neuer knewe I louers sheepe in good plight,
But and if in rynes with me thou dare striue,
Such sond fancies shall loone be put to flight.

Perigot.

That shall I doe, though mochell worse I fared:
Neuer shall be sayde that Perigot was dared.

VVillye.

Then loe Perigot the pledge, which I plight:
A mazer ybrought of the Maple warre:
Wherin is enchaised many a fayre sighte
Of Beres and Tygres, that maken fiers warre:
And ouer them spred a goodly wild vine,
Encailed with a wanton Vnietwaine.

Thereby is a Lambe in the Wolues iames:
But see, how fast reneth the Shepheard swayne,
To sauie the innocent from the beastes pawes:
And here with his Shepehooke hath him slayne.
Tell me, such a cup hast thou euer sene?
Well mought it beseeme any haruest Queene.

Perigot.

Thereto will I payne yonder spotted Lambe,
Of all my flocke there nis like another:
For I brought him vp without the Dambe.
But Colin Clout rafte me of his brother;

That

August.

fol. 32

That he purchaſt of me in the playne field:
Hoſe againſt my will was I forſt to yield.

VVillye.

Sicker make like account of his brother.
But who ſhall iud ge the wager wonne or loſſe?

Perigot.

That ſhall yonder heardgrome, and none other,
Whiſh ouer the pouſſe hetherward doth poſt.

VVillye.

But for the Sunnebeamē ſo ſore doth vs beate,
Were not better to ſhunne the ſcorching heate?

Perigot.

Well agreed Willy: then ſitſt thee downe ſwayne:
Like a ſong neuer heardest thou, but Colin ſing.

Cuddie.

Gynne, when ye lyſt, ye iolly ſhepheards mayne:
Like a iudge, as Cuddie, were for a king.

Perigot.

Willye.

Per.

Wil.



Tell vpon a holly eue,
hey ho hollidaye,
When holly fathers want to ſhyue:
now gynneth this roundelay.
Sitting vpon a hill ſo hye,
hey ho the high hyl,
The while my flocke did ſeede thereby,
the while the ſhepherd ſelfe did ſpill;
I ſaw the bouncing Bellbone,
hey ho Bonibell,
Tripping ouer the dale alone,
ſhe can trippre it very well:
Well decked in a frocke of gray,
hey ho gray is greete,
And in a Kircle of greene ſaye,
the greene is for maydens meete:
A chapelet on her head ſhe woye,
hey ho chapelet,
Of ſweete Violets therein was ſtore,
ſhe ſweeter then the Violet.

Wp

August.

But

Per. But whether in Paynefull loue I pyne,
 Wil. Hey ho pinching Payne,
 Per. O chyne in Welch, she shalbe mine.
 Wil. but if thou can her obteine.
 Per. And if for gracielesse greefe I dye,
 Wil. Hey ho gracielesse grieve,
 Per. Witnesse, shee slew me with her eye:
 Wil. let thy follye be the priece,
 Per. And you, that sawe it, simple shepe,
 Wil. Hey ho the Fayre flocke,
 Per. For priece thereof, my death shall weepe,
 Wil. and mone with many a mocke.
 Per. So leard I loue on a hollye eve,
 Wil. Hey ho holidaye,
 Per. That euer since my hart did greue.
 Wil. now endeth our roundelay.

Cudye,

Sicker like a roundle never heard I none.
 Little lacketh Perigot of the best.
 And Willye is not greatly ouergone,
 So weren his vndersongs well addrest.

VVillye.

Herdgrome, I feare me, thou haue a squint eye:
 Areede byrightly, who has the victoree?

Cudie.

Fayth of my soule, I deeme ech haue gayned.
 For thy let the Lambe be Willye his owne:
 And for Perigot so well hath hym payned,
 To hym be the wroghtien mazer alone.

Perigot.

Perigot is well pleased with the doome:
 Me can Willye wite the wilelesse herdgrome.

VVillye.

Neuer dempt more right of beautye I weene,
 The shepheard of / da, that iudged beauties Queene.

Cudie.

But tell me shepherds, shold it not yshend
 Your roundels fresh, to heare a dolefull verse

August.

Of Rosalend (who knowes not Rosalend?)
That Colin made, ylike can I you rehearse.

Perigot.

Now say it Cuddie, as thou art a ladde:
With mery thing its goed to medle sadde.
VVilly.

Fayth of my soule, thou shalt ycrowned be
In Collins stede, if thou this song areede:
For never thing on earth so pleaseth me,
As him to heare, or matter of his deede,

Cuddie.

Then listneth ech unto my heauy laye,
And tune your pypes as ruthful, as ye may.



E wasterfull woodes beare witnesse of my woe,
Wherin my plaints did oftentimes resound:
Ye carelesse byrds are priuie to my cryes,
Which in your songs were wont to make apart:
Thou pleasaunt spring hast lido me out a sleepe,
Whose stremes my tricklinge teares did ofte
Resort of people doth my greefs augment, (augment.

The walled townes do woxke my greater woe:
The soveret wido is fitter to resound
The hollow Echo of my carefull cryes,
I hate the house, since thence my loue did part,
Whose waylefull want debarres myne eyes from sleepe
Let frenesies of teares supply the place of sleepe:

Let all that sweete is, voyd: and all that may augment
My doole, drawe neare More meete to wayle my woe,
Bene the wild woddes my sorowes to resound,
Then bedde, or bowre, both which I fill with cryes,
When I them see so waift, and fynd no part

Of pleasure past. Here will I dwell apart
In gastfull grove therefore, till my last sleepe
Doe close mine eyes: so shall I not augment
With light of such a chaunge my restlesse woe:
Help me, ye banefull byrds, whose shreiking sound
Vs lighe of dreery death, my deadly cryes

80

August.

fol. 34

Most rousfully to tune. And as my cryes
(Whiche of my woe cannot bewray least part)
You heare all night, when nature craueth sleepe,
Increase, so let your yokesome yells augment.
Thus all the night in plaints, the daye in woe
I vowed haue to wayst, till safe and sound
She home returne, whose boyces siluer sound
To cheeresfull songs can chaunge my chereselle cryes.
Hence with the Nightingale will I take part,
That blessed byd, that spends her time of sleepe
In songs and plaintive pleas, the more taugment
The memory of hys misdeede, that bred her woe:
And you that feele no woe, | when as the sound
Of these my nighly cryes | ye heare apart,
Let breake your sounder sleepe | and pitie augment.

Perigot.

O Colin, Colin, the shepheards ioye,
How I admire ech turning of thy verse :
And Cuddie, fresh Cuddie the liefest boye,
How dolefully his doole thou didst rehearse.
Cuddie.

Then blowe your yppes shepheards, til you be at home:
The night nigheth fast, yts time to be gone.

Perigot his Embleme.

Vincenti gloria victi.

Willyes Embleme.

Vinto non vitto.

Cuddies Embleme.

Felice chi puo.



GLOSSE

Bestadde) disposed, ordered.
Rafte) bereft, deprived.

Peregall) equall.
Misyent) gon a straye.

I.2.

VWhilome) once.
Ill may) according
to

August.

to Virgile. *In felix o semper ovis pecus.*

A mazer) So also do Theocritus and Virgile feigae pledges of their strife.

Enchased) engrauen. Such pretie descriptions every vvhene vlech Theocritus, to bring in his Idyllia. For which speciall cause indeede he by that name termeth his *Æglogues*: for Idyllion in Greke signifieth the shape or picture of any thyng, vvhether his booke is ful. And not, as I haue heard some fondly guesse, that they be called not Idyllia, but Hæddlia, of the Gotcheards in them.

Entrailed) vvrught betvvene.

Maruest Queene) The manner of country folke in haruest tyme. Pousse.) Pease. It fell vpon) Perigot maketh hys song in prayse of his loue, to. vvhō VVilly answereth e- uery vnder verse. By Perigot vvhō is meant, I can not vprightly say: but if it be, vvhō is supposed, his love deuerueth no leſſe prayse, then he gueſt her.

Greete) weeping and complaint. Chaplet) a kind of Garland lyke a crowne.

Leuen) Lightning. Cynthia) vwas sayd to be the Moone. Gryde) perced. But if) not vniſſe. Squint eye) partiall iudgement. Ech haue) so saith Virgile. Et vitula tu dignus, et hic &c.

So by enterchaunge of gyfſt Cuddie pleaseth both partes.

Doome) iudgement. Dempt) for deemed, judged. VVire the vviteliffe) blame the blameleſſe. The ſhepherd of Ida) vwas sayd to be Paris.

Beauties Queene) Venus, to vvheme Paris adiudged the golden Apple, as the pryce of her beautie

Embleme.

The meaning hercof is very ambiguoſſor Perigot by his poesie claiming the coqueſt, & VVillye not yeelding, Cuddie the arbitre of theyr caufe, and Patron of his own, ſemeth to chalenge it, as his devv, ſaying, that he, is happy vvhich can, ſo abruptly ending but hee meaneth eyther him, that can vvin the beſte, or moderate him ſelfe being beſt, and leauc of vvhich the beſt.





Ægloga Nona.

ARGUMENT.

Herein Diggon Dauie is devised to be a shepheard, that in hope of more
gayne, droue his sheepe into a farre countrey. The abuses whereof, and
loose liuing of Popish prelates, by occasion of Hobbinols demand, he discou-
seth at large.

Hobbinol. Diggon Davie.
Iggon Davie, I bidde her god day:
Oz Diggon her is,oz I millaye.
Diggon.
Her was her, while it was daye lighte,
But now her is a most wretched wight.
For day, that was, is wightly past,
And now at earst the dirke night doth hast.
Hobbinoll.

Diggon areede, who has thee so dight?
Neuer I wist thee in so poore a plight.
Wher is the sayre flocke, chou was wone to leade?
Or bene they chaffred? or at mischiese dead?

Dragon

September.

Diggon.

Ah for loue of that, is to thee moste leefe,
Hobbinol, I pray thee gall not my old griesse:
Sike question ripeth by cause of newe woe,
For one opened moxe vnsolde many moe.

Hobbinoll.

May, but sorrow close shrouded in hart
I know, to kepe, is a burdenous smart.
Eche thing imparted is more eath to beare:
When the rayne is falm, the cloudes wesen cleare.
And nowe lithence I sawe thy head last,
Thise thre Moones bene fully spent and past:
Since when thou hast measured much grownd,
And wondred I wene about the wold rounde,
So as thou can many thinges relate:
But tell me first of thy flockes astate.

Diggon.

My sheepe bene waited, (wae is me therefore)
The iolly shepheard that was of yore,
Is nowe nor iollye, nor shephearde more.
In sorrein costes, men sayd, was plentye:
And so there is, but all of miserye.
I dempt there much to haue eeked my store,
But such eeking hath made my hart loze.
In tho countryes, whereas I haue bene,
No being for thole, that truely mene,
But for such, as of guile maken gayne,
No such countrye, as there to remaine.
They lettyn to sale their shope of shame,
And maken a Mart of theyz good, name.
The shepheards there robbyn one another,
And layen baytes to begaile her brother.
Or they will buy his sheepe out of the cote,
Or they will caruen the shepheards throte.
The shepheards swayne you cannot wel ken,
But it be by his pryde, from other men:
They looken bigge as Bulls, that bene bate,

And

September.

fol.36

And bearen the cragge so stiffe and so state,
As cocke on his dunghill, crowing cranck.
Hobbinoll.

Diggon, I am so stiffe, and so stanck,
That vmeth may I stand any more:
And nowe the Westerne wind blowereth soze,
That nowe is in his chiese souereignee,
Beating the withered leafe from the tree.
Sicke we downe here vnder the hill:
Tho may we talke, and tellen our fill,
And make a mocke at the blustering blast.
Now say on Diggon, what euer thou hast.

Diggon.

Hobbin, ah hobbin, I curse the stounde,
That euer I cast to haue loyne this grounde.
Wel-away the while I was so sonde,
To leaue the good, that I had in hande,
In hope of better, that was vncouth:
So lost the Dogge the flesh in his mouth.
My seely sheepe (ah seely sheepe)
That here by there I whilome vld to keepe,
All were they lussyre, as thou diost see,
Bene all sterued with pyne and penurie.
Hardly my selfe escaped thilke payne,
Dyuen for neede to come home agayne.

Hobbinoll,

Ah son, now by thy losse art taught,
That seeldome chaunge the better brought.
Content who liues with tryed state,
Neede feare no chaunge of frowning fate:
But who will seeke for vnkownne gayne,
Df liues by losse, and leaues with payne.

Diggon.

I wote ne Hobbin how I was bewitcht
With payne desyre, and hope to be enricht.
But sicker so it is, as the bryght starre
Seemeth ay greater, when it is farre:

September.

I thought the soyle would haue made me rich:
But nowe I wote, it is nothing such.
For eyther the shepheards bene ydle and still,
And ledde of theyz sheepe, what way they wyll:
Or they bene false, and full of couetise,
And casten to compasse many wrong emprise.
But the moxe bene fraught with fraud and spight,
Ne in good nor goodnes taken delight:
But kindle coales of coniect and yre,
Wherewith they sette all the wold on fire:
Whiche when they thicken agayne to quench
With holy water, they doen hem all drench.
They saye they con to heauen the high way,
But by my soule I dare undersaye,
They never sette foote in that same troade,
But balk the right way, and strayen abroade.
They boast they han the deuill at commaund:
But aske hem therfore, what they han paund.
Marrie that great *P*an bought with deare borrow,
To quite it from the blacke bowre of sorowe.
But they han sold thilk same long agoe:
For thy wouldest drawe wihi hem many moe.
But let hem gange alone a Gods name:
As they han brawed, so let hem beare blame.

Hobbinoll.

Diggon, I praye thee speake not so dirke.
Such myster sayng me seemeth to mirke.

Diggon.

Then playnely to speake of shepheards most what,
Badde is the best (this english is flatt.)
Their ill hauour garres men mislay,
Both of their doctrine, and of their faye.
They sayne the wold is much war then it woul,
All for her shepheards bene beastly and blont.
Other sayne, but how truely I note,
All for they holden shame of theyz cote.
Some sticke not to say, (whote cole on her tongue)

That

That like mischiesse grases hem emong,
 All for they cassen too much of worlcs care,
 To deck her Dame, and enrich her heypre:
 For such encheason, If you goe npe,
 Fewe chymneis reeking you shall espye
 The facre Dre, that wont ligge in the stal,
 Is nowe fast stalled in her crumenall.
 Thus chatten the people in theyr steads,
 Wlike as a Monstre of many heads.
 But they that shoothen neerest the yricke,
 Hayne, other the fat from their beards doen lick.
 For bigge Builes of Basan brace hem about,
 That with theyr hornes butten the moze stoute:
 But the leane soules treden vnder foote.
 And to seeke redresse mought little boote:
 For liker bene they to pluck away moze,
 Then ought of the gotten good to restore.
 For they bene like soule wagmoires ouergraft,
 That if thy galage once sticketh fast,
 The moze to bind it out thou doest swinck,
 Thou mought ay deeper and deeper sunck.
 Yet beter leue of with a little losse,
 Then by much wrestling to leese the grosse.

Hobbinoll.

Nowe Diggon, I see thou speakest to plainer
 Better it were, a little to seyne,
 And cleanly couer, that cannot be cured.
 Much il, as is forced, mought nedes be endured
 But of like pastoures howe done the flockes creepe?

Diggon.

Wlike as the shepheards, like bene her sheepe,
 For they nill listen to the shepheards boyce,
 But if he call hem at theyr good choyce,
 They wander at wil, and stray at pleasure,
 And to theyr soldes yeeld at their owne leisure.
 But they had be better come at their cal:
 For many han into mischiefe fall,

K.

And

September.

And beme of ravenous woolues yment,
All for they wold be burdme and beme.

Hobbiholl.

Fye on thee Diggon, and all thy foule leasing,
Well is knowys that sith the Saroy king,
Neuer was Woolfe seene many nay sone,
Noy in all Kent, nor in Chysiendome:
But the fewre Woolues (the sooth to sayne,)
The more beme the Foxes that here remaine.

Diggon.

Yea, but they gang in more secrete wile,
And with sheepeis cloching doen hem disguise,
They walke not widly as they wote wone
For feare of raungers, and the great hunt:
But priuily ywalling two and three,
Enaunter they mought be idly knowe.

Hobbinal.

Or priu. or percyf any beme,
We han great Bandog's will teare their skinne.

Diggon.

Indede thy halle is a bold bigge curre,
And could make a iolly hole in thoyr furre.
But not good Dogges hem needeth to chace,
But heedy shepheards to discerne their face.
For all their craft is in their countenancie,
The beme so gracie and full of inayntaunce.
But shall I tell thee what my selfe knowe,
Chaunced to Rossyna adt long ygoe

Hobbinol.

Say it out Diggon, what ener it hight.
For not but well mought hym betylle.
He is so meeke, rose, and mercable,
And with his wrod his wroke is conuenable.
Colin clout I wene be his selfe boye,
(Ah for Colin he whilome my toye)
Shepheards sith, God moughes vs many send,
That doen so carefullly they flacks tend.

Diggon

Diggon.

Thilk same shepheard inought I well marke:
 He has a Dogge to byte or to barke,
 Neuer had shepheard so kene a kurte,
 That waketh, and if but a leafe stirre.
 Whilome ther wonned a wicked Wolfe,
 That with many a Lambe had glutted his gulfe.
 And euer at night wont to repaire
 Unto the flocke, when the Welkin shone faire,
 Ycladde in clotheing of seely sheepe,
 When the good old man bled to sleepe.
 Tho at midnight he would barke and ball,
 (For he had eft learned a curres call.)
 As if a Woolfe were emong the sheepe.
 With that the shepheard would breate his sleepe,
 And send out Lowder (for so his dog hote)
 To raunge the fields with wide open throte.
 Tho when as Lowder was farre awaye.
 This Woolish sheepe would catchen his pray,
 A Lambe, or a Kidde, or a weanell wark.
 With that to the wood would he speede him fast.
 Long time he bled this slippery pranck,
 Ere Roffy could for his laboure him thanck
 At end the shepheard his practise spedy,
 (For Roffy is wise, and as Argus eyed)
 And when at euen he came to the flocke,
 Fast in theyre solds he did them locke,
 And tooke out the Wolfe in his counterfet cote,
 And let out the sheepeis bloud at his throte.

Diggon.

Marry Diggon, what shoulde him assayre,
 To take his owne where euer it laye?
 For had his wesan bene a little widder,
 He would haue devoured both hidder & shidder.

Diggon.

Mischiese light on him, and Gods great curse,
 Too good for him had bene a great deale wiser

September.

For it was a perilous beast aboue all,
And eke had he cond the shepherds call.
And oft in the night came to the shopecote,
And called Lowder, with a hollow throte,
As if it the old man selfe had bene.
The dog his masters voice did it weene,
Yet halse in doubt, he opened the boze,
And ranne out, as he was wont of yore.
No sooner was out, but swifter then thought,
Fast by the hyde the Wolfe lowder caught:
And had not Roffy renne to the stauen,
Lowder had be slaine thilke same euen.

Hobbinoll.

God shield man, he should so ill haue thrive,
All for he did his deuopr beliue.
If like bene Wolves, as thou hast cold,
How mought we Diggon, hem be-hold.
Diggon.

How, but with heede and watchfulnesse,
For stallen hem of their wilinesse?
For thy with shopeard sutes not playe,
Or sleepe, as some doen, all the long day:
But euer liggen in watch and ward,
From suddein force they flockes for to gard.

Hobbinoll.

Ah Diggon, thilke same rule were too straight,
All the cold season to wach and waite.
We bene of fleshe, men as other bee.
Why should we be bound to such misere?
What euer thing lacketh chaungeable rest,
Mought needes decay, when it is at best.

Diggon.

Ah but Hobbinol, all this long tale,
Mought easeth the care, that doth me forhalle.
What shall I doe? what way shall I wend,
My piteous plignt and losse to amend?
Ah good Hobbinol, mought I thee praye,
Of ayde or counsell in my decaye.

Hobbinoll

September.

fol. 39

Hobbinoll.

Now by my soule Diggon, I lament
The haplesse mischierf, that has thee hent,
Nethelless thou seest my lowly saile,
That froward fortune doth euer anaille.
But were Hobbinoll, as God mought please,
Diggon shold soone find fauour and ease.
But if to my cotage thou wilt resort,
So as I can: I wil thee comforst:
There mayst thou ligge in a betchy bed,
Till fayrer Fortune shewe forch her head.
Diggon.

Ah Hobbinol, God mought it thee requite.
Diggon on fewe such friends did euer lue.

Diggons Embleme.

In opem me copia fecit.



G L O S S E.

The Dialekte and phrase of speache in this Dialogue, seemeth somewhat to differ from the comen. The cause whereof is supposed to be, by occasion of the party herein meant, vvhio being very frend to the Author hereof, had bene long in foraine countreyes, and there scene many disorders, vvhich he here recounteth to Hobbinoll.

Bidde her) Bidde good morrow. For to bidde, is to praye, vvhetherof comath beades for prayers, and so they say, To bidde his beades. i. to saye his prayers.

VVightly, qucklye, or sodenlye. (Chaffred) solde. Dead at mischife) an vnusuall speache, but much vsurped of Lidgate, and sometime of Chaucer.

Lefe) deare. Erthe) easie. These thre moones) nine monethes. Measured) or traveled. VVae) vvoe Northernly. Ecked) encreased. Catuen) curte. Kenne) knowv.

Cragge) neck. State) stoutely. Stanck) vvearie or fainte.

And novre) He applieth it to the tyme of the yeare, vvhich is in the end of harvest, whiche they cal the fall of the leafe: at vvhich tyme the VVeterne rynde beareth most fuyaye.

A mocke) Imitating Horace, Debes ludibrium ventis. Lorne) leste. Swoote) fuyee. Vncouth) unknownen. Hereby there) here and there. As the brighte) Translated out of Mantuane. Emprise) for enterprise. Per Syncopen. Contek) strife. Trode) path. Marrie that) that is, their soules, vvhich by popish Exorcismes & practises they danme to hell.

Blacks

P

September.

Blacke) hell. Gange) goe. Myster) maner. Mirke) obscure. VVare) wroste.
Crumenall) purse. Brace compasse. Encheson) occasion. Ouergraft) ouergrovre
vith grasse. Galage) shoc. The grosse) the whole.
Buxome and bent) mecke and obedient.

Saxon king) K. Edgar, that reigned here in Brytanye in the yeare of our Lorde.

vwhich king caused all the VVoules, vwhereof then vvas store in thys country,
by a proper policie to be destroyed. So as never since that time, there haue ben
VVoules here lounde, vntille they were brought from other countryes. And
therefore Hobbinoll rebuketh hym of vnatruth, for saying there be VVoules in
England.

Nor in Christendome) This saying seemeth to be strange and vnonreasonable: but indeede
it vvas vront to be an olde prouerbe and comen phrase. The original vwhere-
of vvas, for that most part of England in the reigne of king Ethelbert vvas
christened, Kent onely except, vwhich remayned long after in myselfe and
vnchristened, So that Kent vvas counted no part of Christendome.

Great hant) Executing of lavyes and iustice. Enaunter) least that.

Inly) inwardly. afforelayde. Preuely or pert) openly sayth Chaucer.

Rosy) The name of a shephearde in Marot his Aeglogue of Robin and the Kinge.
vwho me he here commendereth for greate care and vwise gouernance of his flock
Colin cloute) Novve I thinke no man doubteth but by Colin is euer meanted the Au-
thour selfe. vvhose espeiall good freend Hobbinoll sayth he is, or more rightly
Myster Gabriel Haruey of vvhose speciaill commendation, as vvel in Poetrye
as Rhetorike and other choyce learning, vve haue lately had a sufficient ty-
all in divers his vvoikes, but specially in his Musarum Lachrymæ, and his late
Gratulationū Valdinum sum vwhich boke in the progresse at Audley in Essex,
he dedicated in vwriting to her Maiestie. afterward presenting the same in print
vnto her Highnesse at the vvorshipfull Maister Capells in Hertfordshire. Beside
other his sundrye most rare and very notable vvirtings, partly vnder yknowna
Tytles, and partly vnder counterfayt names, as hys Tyrannoimastix, his Ode
Natalitia, his Raineidos, and especially that parte of Philomusus, his diuine
Anticosmopolita, and diuers other of lyke importance. As also by the names of
other shephearde, he couereth the perions of diuers other his familiar frendes
and best acquayntaunce.

This tale of Rosy seemeth to coloure some particular Action of his. But vwhat, I certain
lye know vnot. VVonned) haunted. VVelkin) kie. afforelaid.

A VVeanell) vvaiste) a vvesned youngling. Hidder and shidder) He & she. Male
and Female. Steuen) Noys. Belue) quickly. VVhat euer) Ouids verie
translated. Quod caret alterna regale, durable non est.

Forchale) dravyc or distresse. Vetchie) of Pease stravve.

Embleme.

This is the saying of Narcissus in Ouid. For vwhen the foolish he boye by beholding hys
face in the brooke, fell in loue vwith his ovne likenesse: and not hable to con-
tent hym selfe vwith much looking thereon, he cryed out, that plentye made hym
poore, meaning that much gazing had bereft hym of fence. But our Diggion v-
seth it to other purpose, as vwho that by tryall of many vways had founde the
vworst,

September.

fol.39

vvort, and through greate plente vvas fallen into greate perurie. This poesie I knowe, so haue bene much ysed of the author, and to such like effecte, as syrte Narcissus spake it.

October.



Ægloga decima.

ARGUMENT.

IN Cuddie is set out the perfecte patern of a Poete, whisbe finding no maintenaunce of his state and studies, complayneth of the contempte of Poetrie, and the causes thereof: Specially hauing bene in all ages, and enen amogst the most barbarous alwayes of singular accounte & honor, & being indeede so worthy and commendable an arte: or rather no arte, but a diuine gift and heauenly instinct not to bee gotten by laboure and learning, but adorneed with bothe: and poured into the witte by a certaine ~~iberaquid~~ and celestiall inspiration, as the Author bereft els where at large discourses, in his booke called the English Poete, which booke bring lately come to my bands, I mynde also by Gods grace vpon further aduiseement to publish.

Pierce. Cuddie.

C Vddie, for shame hold vp thy heauye head,
And let vs cast with what delight to chace:

R.4.

And

October.

And weary thy long lingring Pebris race.
Whilome thou wost the shepheards laddes to have,
In rymes, in ridles, and in bydding base:
Now they in thee, and thou in sleepe art dead!

Cuddie.

Piers, I haue pyped etyl so long with payne,
That all mine Oten reedes bene reue and woxer
And my poore Muse hath spent her spared wile,
Yet little good hath got, and much lesse gayne.
Such pleasaunce makes the Grasshopper so poore,
And ligge so layd, when Winter doth her straine:

The dapper ditties, that I wondre deuse,
To feede yonthes fancie, and the flocking fry,
Delighten much: what I the beest for thy?
They han the pleasure, I a sclender pris.
I beate the bush, the byrds to them doe flye:
What good thereof to Cuddie can arise?

Pires.

Cuddie, the praysle is better, then the price,
The glori eke much greater then the gayne:
O what an hono^r is it, to restraine
The lust of lawlesse youth with good adviser:
Or pricke them forth with pleasaunce of thy waine,
Whereto thou list their trapned willes entice.

Soone as thou gyall to settie thy notes in frame,
O how the rurall routes to thee doe cleave:
Seemeth thou doost their soule of fence bereue,
All as the shepheard, that did fetch his dame
From Plutos balefull bowre withouten leauer
His musicks might the hellish hound ded came.

Cuddie.

So praysen babes the Peacoks spotted traine,
And wondren at bright Argus blazing eye:
But who rewards hym ere the more for thy?
Or feedes hym once the fuller by a graine?

Silke

October.

fol. 41

Sike prayse is smoke, that shendeth in the skye,
Sike words bene wynd, and wasten loone in bayne.

Piers.

Abandon then the base and biler clowns,
Lyft by thy selfe out of the lowly dust:
And sing of bloody Mars, of wars, of giusts,
Turne thee to thole, that weld the awfull crowne.
To doubted Knighes, whose woundesle armour rusts,
And helmes vnbuzed wesen dayly browne.

There may thy Muse display her fluttryng wing,
And stretch her selfe at large from East to West:
Whither thou list in sayze *Elisa* rest,
Or if thee please in bigger notes to sing,
Advanc the worthy whome shee loueth best,
That first the white beare to the stake did bring.

And when the stubborne stroke of stronger soundes,
Has somewhat slackt the tenor of thy string:
Of loue and lustihead tho mayst thou sing,
And carrol lowde, and leade the Myllers rounde,
All were *Elisa* one of thilke same ring.
So mought our Cuddies name to Heauen sonnde.

Cuddye.

Inderde the Romish Tyrus, I heare,
Through his Mecenas left his Daten reede,
Wheron he earst had taught his flockes to feede,
And laboured lands to yield the timely eare,
And eft did sing of warres and deadly dreede,
So as the Heauens did quake his verse to here.

But ah *Mecenas* is yclad in claye,
And great *Augustus* long ygoe is dead:
And all the worthies liggen wapt in leade,
That matter made for poeteis on to play:
For euer, who in derring doe were dreade,
The lokie verse of hem was loued aye.

L.

October.

But after vertue gan for age to loupe,
And mighty manhode brought a bedde of ease:
The haunting Poets found nougnt worth a pease,
To put in peace emong the learned troupe.
Tho gan the streames of flowing wittes to cease,
And sonnebright honour pend in shamefull coupe.

And if that any buddes of Poetrie,
Vet of the old stocke gan to shoote agayne:
Dy it mens follies mote be forst to fayne,
And roote with rest in rymes of rybaudye.
Dy as it lypong, it wither must agayne:
Tom Piper makes vs better melodie.

Piers.

O pierlesse Poetrie, where is then the place?
If noz in Princes pallace thou doe sitt:
(And yet is Princes pallace the most sic)
Ne brest of baser birth doth thee embrace.
Then make thee winges of thine aspyng wit,
And, whence thou camst, fye backe to heaven apace.

Cudic.

Ah Percy it is all to weake and wanne,
So high to soze, and make so large a flight:
Her peeced pyneons bene not so in plight,
For Colin fittes such famous flight to scanne:
He were he not with loue so ill bedight,
Would mount as high, and sing as soote as Swanne.

Pires

Ah son, for loue does teach him climbe so hie,
And lyftes him by out of the loathsome myze:
Such immortall mirrhor, as he doth admire,
Would rayse ones mynd aboue the starry skie.
And cause a captiue corage to aspire,
For lofty loue doth loath a lowly eye.

All otherwise the state of Poet stands,
For lordly loue is such a Tyranne fell:
That where he rules, all power he doth expell.

The

October.

fol.42

The haunted verse a vacant head demaundez.
Me wont with crabbed care the Muses dwelle,
Unwisenly weaues, that takes two webbes in hand.

Who ever casts to compasse weightye pris,
And thinks to throwe out thondryng wordys of threate:
Let powre in lauish cups and thristie bitts of meate,
For Bacchus fruite is frend to Phæbus wile.
And when with Wine the braine begins to sweate,
The nombers flowe as fast as spring doth rysle.

Thou kenst not Percie howe the ryme should rage.
O if my temples were distaind with mine,
And girt in girlonds of wild Vnue twine,
How I could reare the Muse on stately stage,
And teache her tread alost in bas-kin fine,
With queint Bellona in her equipage.

But ah my corage cooles ere it be warme,
For thy, content vs in thy humble shade:
Where no such troublous tydes han vs assayde,
Here we our slender pipes may safely charme.

Pires.
And when my Gates shall han their bellies layd:
Cuddie shall haue a Kidde to stoe his farme.

Cuddies Embleme.

Agitante calescimus illo &c.

G L O S S E.

This Aeglogue is made in imitation of Theocritus his xvi. Idilion, vwherein hee repro-
uced the Tyranne Hiero of Syracuse for his. nigrandise towarde Poetes, in whome
is the power to make men immortal for theyr good dedes, or shameful for their
naughty lyfe. And the lyke also is in Mantuan, The style hereof as also that in
Theocritus, is more lostye then the rest, and applyed to the heigthe of Poeticall
vvitte.

Cuddie] I doubt vwhether by Cuddie be specified the authour selfe, or some other. For
L.ij. in.

October.

in the eyght Eglogue the same person was brought in, singing a Cantion of Co
lins making, as he sayth. So that some doubt, that the persons be different.
VWhilome) sometime. Oaten reedes) Auena.

Ligge (in layde) lye so saynt and vnlustye. Dapper) pretye.
Frye) is a bold Metaphore, forced from the spawning fishes, for the multitude of young
fish be called the frye.

To restraine.) This place seemeth to consypre vwith Plato, who in his first booke de Le-
gibus sayth, that the first inuention of Poetry vvas of very vertuous intent. For
at what tyme an infinite number of youth vsually came to theyr great solemne
feastes called Panegynica, vwhich they vsed every fyeere to hold, some learn-
ed man being more hable the rest, for speciall gystes of wytte and Musick,
vwould take vpon him to sing fine verses to the people, in prayse eyther of ver-
tue or of victory or of immortality or such like. At whose wonderful gyst al men
being astonied and as it vvere rauished, vwith delight, thinking (as it was indeed)
that he vvas inspired from aboue, called him varem: vwhich kinde of men after-
warde framing their verses to lighter musick (as of musick be many kinds, some
fadder, some lighter, some martiall, some herioical: and so diuersely eke affect the
myndes of men) found out lighter matter of Poesie also, some playing vvyth loue,
some scorning at mens fashions, some povvred out in pleasures, and so vvere
called Pottes or makers.

Sence hereaue) vwhat the secrete vworking of Musick is in the myndes of men, as vwell
appeareth hereby, that some of the auncient Philosophers, and those the moste
vwise, as Plato and Pythagoras held for opinion, that the mynd vvas made of a
certaine harmonie and musicall numbers, for the great compassion & likenes of
affection in thone and in the other as also by that memorable history of Alex-
ander: to whom vwhen as Timotheus the great Musitian playd the Phrygian
melodie, it is said, that he vvas distraught vwith such vnvonted fury, that streyt
vway ryng from the table in great rage, he caused himselfe to be armed, as ready
to goe to vvarre (for that musick is very vvar like:.) And immediatly when-
as the Musitian chaunged his stroke into the Lydian and Ionique harmony, he
vvas so sur from warring, that he sat as styl, as if he had bene in mattes of coun-
sell. Such might is in musick. vwherefore Plato and Aristotle forbad the Aradian
Melodie from children and yonth, for that being altogether on the fyfth and viij,
tone, it is of great force to molifie and quench the kindly courage, vwhich vseth
to burne in yong brests. So that it is not incredible which the Poete here sayth,
that Musick can bereave the soule of fesse.

The shepheard that) Orpheus: of whom is sayd, that by his excellent skil in Musick and
Poetry, he recovered his wife Eurydice from hell.

Argus eyes) of Argus is before said, that Juno to him committed her husbant Iupiter his
Paragon iō, because he had an hundred eyes: but afterwarde Mercury vvyth hys
Musick lulling Argus aslepe, slevv him and brought iō away, vvhose eyes it is
sayd that Juno for his eternali memory placed in her byrd the Peacockes tayle.
for those coloured spots indeede resemble eyes.

VVoundleisie armour) vnvouned in warre, doe rust through long peace.

Display) A poeticall metaphore: vvheneof the meaning is, that if the Poet list shovve his
skull

skill in matter of more dignitie, then is the homely Æglogue, good occasion is him offered of higher veyne and more Heroicall argument, in the person of our most gratiouse soueraign, vvhō (as before) he calleth Elisa. Or if mater of knight-hooде and cheualrie please him better, that ther be many Noble & valiaunt men, that are both vworthy of his payne in theyr deserued prayses, and also fauourers of hys skil and faculty.

The vworthy he meanerh (as I guesse) the most honorable and renowned the Erle of Leycester, vvhō by his cognisance (although the same be also proper to other) rather then by his name he bevvrayeth, being not likely, that the names of noble princes be knovvn to country clovvne,

Slack) that is vvhēn thou chaungest thy verse from stately discourse, to matter of more pleasaunce and delight.

The Millers) a kind of daunce.

Ring) company of dauncers.

The Romish Tityrus) vvel knowē to be Virgile, vvhō by Mēcēnas means vvas brought into the fauour of the Emperor Augustus, and by him moued to vwrite in lostier kinde, then he erst had doen.

Whereton) in these three verses are the three seuerall vworkes of Virgile intended. For in teaching his flockes to feede, is meant his Æglogues. In labouring of lands, is hys Bucoliques. In singing of vvars and deadly dreade, is his diuine Æneis figured.

In derring doe) In manhooде and cheualrie.

For euer) He sheweth the cause, vwhy Poetes vvere wont be had in such honor of noble men; that is, that by them their vvorthisnes & valor shold through theyr famous Posies be cōmended to al posterities. vvhērfore it is sayd, that Achilles had neuer bene so famous, as he is, but for Homeres immortal verses, vvhich is the only aduantage, vvhich he had of Hector. And also that Alexander the great cōming to his tombe in Sigeus, vvhith naturall teares blessed him, that euer vvas his hap to be honoured vvhith so excellent a Poets work: as so renowned, and ennobled onely by hys meanes. vvhich being declared in a most eloquent Oration of Tullies, is of Petrarch no lessc worthely sette forth in a sonet

Giunto Alexandro a la famosa tomba

Del fero Achille sospirando disse

O fortunato che si chiara tromba. Trouashi &c.

And that such account hath bene alvvayes made of Poetes, as vwell shewveth this that the vworthy Scipio in all his vwarres against Carthage and Numantia had cuermore in his company, and that in a most familiar sort the good olde Poet Ennius: as also that Alexander destroying Thebes, vvhēn he vvas enformed that the famous Lyrick Poet Pindarus vvas borne in that citie, not onely commaunded strectly, that no man should vpon Payne of death do any violence to that house by fire or otherwysse: but also spēcially spared most, and some highly rewar ded, that vvere of hys kinne. So fauoured he the only name of a Poete. vvhich prayse otherwise vvas in the same man no lessc famous, that vvhēn he came to ransacking of King Darius coffers, vvhō he lately had ouerthrown, he founde in a little coffer of siluer the two bookees of Homers vworks, as layd vp there for spēciall ievvells and tichesse, vvhich he taking thence, put one of them dayly in bis bosome, and thother euery night layde vnder his pillowc.

L.3.

Such

Q

October.

Such honor haue Poetes alvvayes found in the sight of princes and noble men.
vvhich this author here very well sheweth, as els vvhile more notably.
But after he sheweth the cause of contempt of Poetry to be idlenesse and basenesse of
mynd. *Pent*) shut vp in flouth, as in a coope or cage.
Tom piper) An Ironical Sacraſmus, spoken in derision of these rude vvits, vvhich make
more account of a ryting rybaud, then of ſkill grounded vpon learning and
iudgment.
Ne breſt) the meaneſt ſort of men. Her pecced pineons) vnprefect ſkil. Spoken
vvyth humble moideſie.
As ſoote as Svvanne) The comparison ſeemeth to be ſtrange: for the ſylvanne hath euer
vvronne ſmall commendation for her ſyvere ſinging: but it is ſayd of the learned
that the ſwan a little before hit death, ſingeth moft pleauantly, as propheſying
by a ſecrete iuſtice her neere deſtine. As vvel ſayth the Poete elſvhere in one
of his ſonets.
The ſiluer ſylvanne doth ſing before her dying day
As ſhee that feeles the deepe delight that is in death &c.
Immortall myrrhour) Beauty, vvhich is an excellent obiect of Poeticall ſpirites, as appea-
reth by the vvorthy Petrachs ſaying.
Fiorir faceua il mio debole ingegno
A la ſua ombra, et crescer ne gli affanni.
A caytive corage) a base and abiect minde.
For lofty loue) I think this playing with the letter to be rather a fault then a figure, aſwel
in our English tongue, as it hath bene alvvayes in the Latine, called Cacozelos.
A vacant) imitateſt Mantuanes ſaying. vacuum curiſ diuina cerebrum Poscit.
Lauish cups) Reſemblieth that comen verſe Fæcundi calices quern non fecere diſertum.
O if my) He ſeemeth here to be rauished with a Poetical furie. For (if one rightly mark)
the numbers riſe lo ful, & the verſe groweth ſo big, that it ſeemeth he hath for-
got the meanenesſe of ſhepheards ſtate and ſtyle.
VVild yuie) for it is dedicated to Bacchus & therefore it is ſayd that the Menades (that is
Bacchus franticke prietes) uſed in theyr ſacrifice to carry Thyrſos, which were
pointed ſtaues or Iauelins, vvrapped about with yuie.
In buſkin) it vvas the maner of Poetes & plateris in tragedies to were buſkins, as alſo in
Comedies to uſe Stockes & light ſhoes. So that the buſkin in Poetry is uſed for
tragiſt matter, as it ſaid in Virgil. Sola ſophocleo tua carmina digna cothurno.
And the like in Horace, Magnum loqui, ntiq[ue] cothurno.
Queint) Strange Bellona; the goddeſſe of batteſte, that is Pallas, which may therefore wel
be called queint for that (as Lucian ſaith) vvhen Jupiter his father was in trauelle
of her, he cauſed his ſonne Vulcane with his axe to hevve his head. Out of which
leaped forth luſtely a valiant damſell armed at all poynetes, vvhom ſeeing Vul-
cane ſo faire & comely, lightly leaping to her, proferred her ſome cortefie, which
the Lady diſdeigning, ſhaked her ſpear at him, and threatened his ſaucineſſe.
Therefore ſuch brauugeneſſe is vwell applyed to her.
Æquipage) order. Tydes) ſeasons.
Charme) temper and order. for Charmes were vvornt to be made by verſes as Ouid
ſayth. Aut ſi carminibus.

Embleme.

October

fol. 44

Embleme.

Hereby is meant, as also in the vvhole course of this Æglogue, that Poetry is a diuine i-
nstant and vnnatural rage passing the reache of comen reason. VVhom Piers an-
swreth Epiphonematicos as admiring the excellency of the Skyll vvhereo
in Cuddie hee hadde alreadye hadde a taste.

Nouember.



Ægloga undecima.

ARGUMENT.

FIN this xi. Æglogue he bewayleth the death of some mayden of greate
bloud, whom he calleth Dido. The personage is secrete, and to me alto-
gether vnknowne, albe of him selfe I often required the same. This Æglo-
gue is made in imitation of Marot his song, which he made vpon the death
of Loys the frenche Queene. But farre passing his reache, and in myne opi-
nion all other the Eglogues of this booke.

Thenor.

Colin.

C0 in my deare, when shall it please thee sing,
As thou were I wont songs of some iouisaunce
Thy Muse to long slowbreth in sorrowing,
Lulled a sleepe through loues misgouernaunce,

L.4.

Now

Nouember.

Now somewhat sing whose endless souenance,
Among the Shepheards swaines may ape remaine,
Whether thee list thy loued lasse aduaunce,
Or honor Pan with hymnes of higher vaine,

Colin.

I benot, now nis the time of merimake,
Nor Pan to herpe, nor with loue to playe:
Sike myrh in May is meetest for to make,
Or summer shade vnder the cocked haye.
But nowe sadde Winter welked hath the day,
And Phebus weary of his perey isaf-ke:
Dstabled hath his steedes in lowlye laye,
And taken vp his ynne in Fisches has-ke.
Thilke sollein season sadder plight doth as-ke:
And loatheth sike delights, as thou doest prayse:
The mornefull Muse in myrh now list ne mas-ke,
As shée was wont in youngth and sommer daves.
But if thou algate lust light virelapes,
And looser songs of loue to vnder-song
Who but thy selfe deserves like Poetes prayse?
Relieu thy Darten pyppes, that sleepen long.

Thenot.

The Nightingale is souereigne of song,
Before him sits the Titmose silene bee:
And I unsitte to chusse in l-hilfull chonge,
Should Coline make iudge of my foolere.
May, better learne of hem, that learned bee,
And han be watered at the Muses well:
The kindlye dewe drops from the higher tree,
And wets the little plants that lowly dwell.
But if sadde winters wrath and season chill,
Accorde not with thy Muses meriment:
To sadder times thou mayst attune thy quill,
And sing of sorowe and deathes deuertment.
For deade is Dido, dead alas and drent,
Dido the greate Shephearde his daughter sheene:

The

The lassell May she was that ever went,
 Her like shee has not left behinde I weene,
 And if thou wille beweple my wofull tene:
 I shall thee give yond Cosset for thy payne:
 And if thy rymes as rownd and rufull bene,
 As thole that did thy Rosalind complayne,
 Much greater gylts for guerdon thou shalt gayne,
 Then Kidde or Cosset, whiche I chee bynempt:
 Then vp I say, thou iolly shepheard swayne,
 Lee not my small deauand be so contemps.

Colin.

I benos ta that I choose, thou doest me tempe,
 But ah to well I wote my humble batne,
 And howe my rymes bene rugged and vnkempt:
 Yet as I conne, my conning I will strayne.

V P then Melpomene thou mournefull Muse of nyne,
 Such cause of mourning never hadst afore:
 Up gryellie ghostes and vp my rufull ryme,
 Watter of myrth now shalt thou hauie no more.
 For dead shee is, that myrth thee made of yore.

Dido my deare alas is dead,
 Dead and lyeth wrapt in lead:
 O heauie herse,
 Let streaming teares be poured out in stoe:
 O carefull verse.

Shepheards, that by your flockes on Kentish downes abyde,
 Waile ye this wofull waste of natures warke:
 Waile we the wight, whose presence was our pypde:
 Waile we the wight, whose absence is our carke.
 The sonne of all the wold is dimme and darke:
 The earth now lacks her wonted light,
 And all we dwell in deadly night,
 O heauie herse,
 Breake we our pypes, that shuld as lowde as Larke,
 O carefull verse.

Nouember.

Why doe we longer liue, (ah why liue we so long)
Whose better dayes death hath shut vp in woes
The fayrest flour e our gyrlond all emong,
Is faded quite and into dust ygoe.

Sing now ye shepheards daughters, sing no moe
The songs that Colin made in her prayse,
But into weeping turne your wanton laves,
O heauie herse,
Now is time to dye. Nay time was long ygoe,
O carefull verse.

Whence is it, that the flouret of the field doth fade,
And lyeth buryed long in Winters bale:
Yet soone as spring his mantle doth displaye,
It floureth fresh, as it should never fayle:
But thing on earth that is of most availe,
As vertues brawnch and beauties budde.
Reliuen not for any good.

O heauie herse,
The brawnch once dead, the budde eke needes must quale,
O carefull verse.

She while she was, (that was, a woful word to sayne)
For beauties prayse and plesaunce had no pere:
So well she couch the shepherds entartayne,
With cakes and craknelles and such country chere.
He would she scorne the simple shepheards swaine,
For she would cal hem often heme
And give hem curds and clouted Creame.
O heauie herse,
Als Colin cloute she would not once disayne.
O carefull verse.

But nowe like happy cheere is turnd to heauie chaunce,
Such plesaunce now displaist by dolors dñe:
All Musick sleepes, where death doth leade the daunce,
And shepherds wanted solace is extinct.
The blew in black, the greene in gray is tince,

The

The gaudie girlands deck her graue,
The fadred floweres her cofe embraue.

¶ heauie herse.

Moyne nowe my Muse, now moyne with teates bespinct.
¶ carefull verse.

¶ thou greate shepheard Lobbin, how great is thy griefe,
Wher bene the nosegayes that she dight for thee:
The colourd chaplets wrought with a chiete,
The knotted rushrings, and gilte Rosemarees:
For shee deemed nothing too deere for thee.

Ah they bene all yclad in clay,
One bitter blast blewe all away.

¶ heauie herse,

Thereof nought remaynes but the memoree.
¶ carefull verse.

Ay me that drearie death should strike so mortall stroke,
That can vndoe Dame natures kindly course:
The fadred lockes fall from the lofie oke,
The clouds do gaspe, for dryed is theyn sourse,
And clouds of teares flowe in theyn stead perfore.

The mantled medowes moyne,
Theyn sondry colours toerne.

¶ heauie herse,

The heauens doe melt in teares without remorse.
¶ carefull verse.

The feeble flockes in field refuse their former faode,
And hang theyn heads, as they would learne to weepe:
The beastes in forest wayle as they were woode,
Except the Wolues, that chase the wandryng sheepe:
Now she is gon that safely did hem keepe,
The Turtle on the hared braunch,
Lamentes the wound, that death did launch.

¶ heauie herse,

End Philomel her song with teares doth steepe.
¶ carefull verse.

Nouember.

The water Nymphs, that wont with her to sing and daunce,
And for her girlond Olivie braunches beare,
Now balefull boughes of Cypres doen aduaunce:
The Muses, that were wont greene bayes to ware,
Now bringen bitter Eldre braunches seare,
The fatal sisters eke repente,
Her vitall thred so soone was spent.
O heauie herse,
Nowe my Muse, now moyne with heauie cheare.
O carefull verse.

O trusslesse state of earthly things, and slipper hope
Of mortall men, that swincke and sorace for nought,
And shooting wide, doe misse the marked scope:
Now haue I leard (a lesson derely bought)
That nys on earth assuraunce to be sought:
For what might be in earthlie mould,
That did her buried body hould.
O heauie herse,
Yet saw I on the beare when it was brought
O carefull verse.

But naugre death, and dreaded sisters deadly spight,
And gates of hel, and syrie furies forse:
She hath the bonds broke of eternall nigh,
Her soule unbodied of the burdenous corple.
Whyp then weepes Lobbin so without remorse?
O Lobb, thy losse no longer lament,
Dido nis dead, but into heauen hent.
O happye herse,
Cease woe my Muse, now cease thy sorowes sourse,
O ioyfull verse.

Whyp wayle we then? whyp weary we the Gods with playnts,
As if some euill were to her heighe?
She raignes a goddesse now emong the saintes,
That whilome was the laynt of shevheards light:
And is entalled nowe in heauens hight.

Nouember.

fol. 47

I see thee blessed soule, I see,
Walke in Elisan fieldes so free.

O happy herse,
Might I once come to thee (O that I might)
O joyfull verse.

Unwise and wretched men to weete what's good or ill,
We deeme of Death as doome of ill desert:
But knewe we fooles, what it vs bringes vntil,
Dye would we dalyly, once it to expert.

No daunger there the Shepheard can affert:
Fayre fieldes and pleasaunt layes there bene,
The fieldes ay fresh, the grasse ay greene:

O happy herse,
Make hast ye Shepheards, whether to reuert,
O joyfull verse.

O do is gone aforse (whose turne shall be the next?)
There liues shee with the blessed Gods in blisse,
There drincks she Nectar with Ambrosia mixt,
And iopes eniopes, that mortall men doe mille.
The honor now of highest gods she is,

That whilome was poore Shepheards pyde,
While here on earth she did abyde.

O happy herse,
Ceasse now my song, my woe now wasted is.
O joyfull verse.

Thenot.

Ay francke Shepheard, how bene thy verses meint
With doolful pleasaunce, so as I ne wotte,
Whether reioyce or weepe for great constrainte?
Thyne be the coffette, well hast thou iu gotte.
Ay Colin vp, yuough thou moyned hast,
Now gynnes to mzelle, bye we homeward fast.

Colins Embleme.

La mort ny mord.

Nouember.



GLOSS.

Iouisance) myrth. Souenzance) remembraunce. Herie) honouer.
VVelked) shorned or empayred. As the Moone being in the vvaine is sayde of Lidgate
to vvelk.
In lovvly lay) according to the season of the moneth Nouember, when the sonne drayv-
eth low in the South toward his Tropick or returne.
In fishes haſke) the sonne, reigneth that is, in the signe Pisces all Nouember. a haſke is
a vvicker pad, wherein they vſe to cary fish.
Virelaies) a light kind of ſong.
Bee vvated) For it is a ſaying of Poetes, that they haue drenk of the Muses vwell Caſtlias,
vvhereof vvas before ſufficiently ſayd.
Dreiment) dreery and heauy cheere.
The great ſhepherd) is ſome man of high degree, and not as ſome vainely ſuppoſe God
Pan. The perſon both of the ſhephearde and of Dido is vnknouen and cloſely
buried in the Authors conceit. But out of doubt I am, that it is not Rosalind,
as ſome imagin: for he ſpeaketh ſoone after of her alſo.
Shene) fayre and ſlunyng. May) for mayde. Tene) ſorrow.
Guerdon) reward. Bynempt) bequethed. Coffet) a lambe brought
vp without the dam. Vnkeempt) Incōpi Not comed, that is rude & vnhanforne.
Melpomene) The ſadde and waylefull Muſe vſed of Poetes in honor of Tragedies: as faith
Virgile Melpomene Tragico proclamat mæſta boatu.
Vp grieſly goſts) The maner of Tragical Poetes, to call for helpe of Furies and damned
ghostes: ſo is Hecuba of Euripides, and Tantalus brought in of Seneca. And the
reſt of the reſt. Herie) is the ſolemne obſequie in funeralles.
VVaſt of) decay of ſo beautiſull a peecē. Carke) care.
Ah vvhys) an elegant Epanorthotis, as alſo ſoone after. May time was long ago.
Flouer) a diuinitine for a little flouere. This is a notable and ſententious comparifion A
minore ad maius.
Reliuē not) liue not againe. ſ. not in theyr earthly bodies: for in heauen they enioy their
due reward.
The braunch) He meaneth Dido, vvhoo being, as it vvere the mayne braunch now wi-
thered the buddes that is beautie (as he ſayd afore) can nomore flouriſh.
VVith cakes) fit for ſhepheards banquets. Heame) for horne, after the northerne
pronouſing. Twift) deyed or ſtayned.
The gaudie) the meaning is, that the thiſgs, which vvere the ornaments of her lyfe, are
made the honor of her funerall, as is vſed in burials.
Lobbin) the name of a ſhepherd, vvhich ſeemeth to haue bene the lower & deere frende
of Dido. Rushrings) agreeable for ſuch base gyſtes
Faded lockes) dried leaues. As if Nature her ſelfe bewayled the death of the Mayde.
Sourſe) ſpring. Mantled medowes) for the ſondry flowres are like a
Mantle or couerlet vvhich many colours.
Philomele) the Nightingale. vvhome the Poetes fame once to haue bene a Ladie
of great beauty, till being tauiſhed by hir ſisters hufbande, ſhe deſired to be au-
ned

ned into a byrd of her name. vvhose complaintes be very vwell set forth of Ma. George Gasquin a wittie gentleman, and the very chefe of our late tyrmers, vvhoso and if some partes of learning wanted not (albee it is vwell knownen sic altogther vwanted not learning) no doubt would haue attayned to the excellencye of those famous Poets. For gifts of vvit and naturall promptnesse appere in hym a boundantly.

Cypiselle) vised of the old Paynims in the furnishing of their funerall Pompe. and proper-
ly the of all sorrow and heauinessse.

The fatall sisters) Clotho Lachesis and Atropodas, vghters of Herebus and the Nighte,
whom the Poetes sayne to spinne the lise of man, as it were a long thred, which
they dravve out in length, till his fatal hoyvre & timely death be come; but if by
other casualltie his dayes be abridged, then one of them, that is Atropos, is sayde
to haue cut the thred in twain. Hereof commeth a common verse.

Clotho colum bauulat, lache sis trahit, Atropos occat.

O tristesse) a gallant exclamation moralized vwith great vvisedom and passionate wyth
great affection. Beare) a frame wheron they vse to lay the dead corse.

Furies) of Poetes be seyned to be three, Persephone Alecto and Meagera, vvhich are sayd
to be the Authours of all evill and mischiefe.

Eternall might) Is death or darknesse of bell. Betight) happened,

I see) A lively Icon, or representation as if he saw her in heauen present.

Elystan feldes) be deuided of Poetes to be a place of pleasure like Paradise, where the hap-
pye soules doe rest in peace and eternal happynesse.

Dye wold) The very epresse saying of Plato in Phaedone.

Aster) befall vnywares.

Nectar and Ambrosia) be feigned to be the drink and foode of the gods: Ambrosia they
liken to Manna in scripture and Nectar to be vwhite like Creme, vvhetherof is a
proper tale of Hebe, that spilt a cup of it, and stayned the heauens, as yet appea-
reth. But I haue already discoursed that at large in my Commentarye vpon the
dremes of the same Authour. Meynt) Mingled.

Embleme.

VVhich is as much to say, as death biteth not. For although by course of nature we be
borne to dye, and being ripened with age, as vvit a timely haruest, vve must be
gathered in time, or els of our selues vve fall like rotted ripe fruite fro the tree:
yet death is not to be counted for euil, nor (as the Poete sayd a little before) as
doome of ill desert. For though the trespassse of the first man bro ught death in
to the world, as the guerdon of sinne, yet being overcome by the death of one,
that dyed for al, it is now made (as Chaucer sayth) the grene path way to lyfe.
So that it agreeth vwell vwith that vvas sayd, that Death by teth not (that is) hur-
test not at all.

December.



Ægloga Duodecima.

ARGVMENT.

THIS Æglogue (euers as the first beganne) is ended with a complaynte of Colin to God Pan. wherein as weary of his former wayes, he proportioneth his life to the foure seasons of the yeare, comparing his youthe to the spring time, when he was fresh and free from loues follye. His manboode to the sommer, which he sayth, was consumed with greate heate and excessiue drouth caused throughe a Comet or blasinge starre, by which bee meaneth loue, which passion is comenly compared to such flames and immoderate heate. His riper yeares bee resemblith to an vnseasonable harueste wherein the fruites fall ere they be ripe. His latter age to winters chyll & frostie season, now drawing neare to his last ende.



He gentle shepheard satte beside a spinge,
All in the shadowe of a bushye byre,
That Colin hight, which wel could pipe and singe,
For he of Tityrus his songs did lere.
There as he satte in secrete shade alone,
Thus gan he make of loue his piteous mone.

December.

fol. 49

O soueraigntie Pan thou God of shepheards all,
Whiche of our tender Lambkins takest keepe:
And when our flockes into mischaunce mought fall,
Doest save from mischiefe the unwary sheepe:
Als of their maisters hast no lesse regarde,
Then of the flockes, which thou doest watch and warde.

I thee beseche (so he thou deigne to heare,
Rude dicties cund to Shepheards Datte reede,
Dy if I euer sonet song so cleare,
(As it with pleasaunce mought thy fancie feede)
Harken awhile from thy greene cabinet,
The rurall song of carefull Colinet.

Whilome in youth, when stownd my loyfull syng,
Like Swallow swift I wandred here and there:
For heate of heedlesse lust me so dry stung,
That I of doubtes daunger had no feare.
I went the wastefull woodes and forest wyde,
Withouten dreade of Wolues to bene espyed.

I wond to raunge amydde the mazie thickette,
And gather nuttes to make me Chyllyng game:
And joyed oft to chace the trembling Picket,
Dy hunt the hartlesse hare, till shee were came.
What wreaked I of wintrye ages waste,
Tho deemeid I, my syng would euer laste.

How ofte haue I scaled the craggie Dike,
All to dislodge the Rauen of her nest:
Howe haue I wearied with many a stroke,
The stately Walnut tree, the while the rest
Under the tree fell all for nuts at strife:
For ylike to me was libertee and lyfe.

And for I was in thilke same looser yeares,
(Wher the Huse, so wrought me from my birth,
Dy I to much beleeved my shepherd peres)
Somedeyle ybent to song and musiks mirth.

December.

A good olde shephearde, *Wrenock*, was his name,
Made me by arte more cunning in the same.

Fro thence I durst in derring to compare
With Shepheards swayne, what euer fedde in field:
And if that *Hobbinol* right iudgement bare,
To Pan his owne selfe pype I neede not yield.
For if the flocking *Mymphes* did folow Pan,
The wiser *Muses* after *Colin* ranne.

But ah such pryde at length was ill repayde,
The shepheards God (perdie God was he none)
My hurtlesse pleasaunce did me ill vprayde,
My freedome loyne, my life he lefte to mone.
Lone they him called, that gaue me checkmate,
But better mought they haue behote him hate.

Tho gan my louely *Spring* bid me farewel,
And *Sommer* season sped him to display
(For loue then in the *Lyons* house did dwel)
The raging fyre, that kindled at his ray.
A comett stird vp that unkindly heate,
that reigned (as men sayd) in *Venus* seate.

Forth was I ledde, not as I wont afore,
When chose I had to choose my wandzing wayer:
But whether luck and loues unthidde loye
Would leade me forth on *Fancies* bitte to playe.
The bush my bedde, the Bramble was my bower,
The wooddes can winessle many a wosfull stowre,

Where I was wont to seeke the honey Bee,
Working her formall rownes in *Wexen* frame:
The griellie *Todesstoote* growne there mought I se
And loathed *Paddockes* lording on the same.
And where the chaunting birds ild me a sleepe,
The ghastlie *Dwle* her grieuous yune doth keepe.

Then

Then as the springe giveth place to elder time,
And bringeth forth the fruite of sommers pypde:
Also my age now passed youngthly pypme,
To thinges of typer reason selfe applyed.

And learnd of lighter timber cotis to frame,
Such as might saye my sheepe and me fro shame.

To make fine cages for the Nightingale,
And Bas-kets of bulrushes was my wont:
Who to entrappe the fish in winding sale
Was better seene, or hurtful beastes to hond:
I learned als the signes of heauen to ken,
How Phoebe sayles, where Venus sittes, and when.

And tryed time yet taught me greater thinges,
The sorain ryng of the raging seas:
The soothe of byrds by beating of their wings,
The power of herbs, both which can hurt and ease:
And which be wont to tenrage the restlesse sheepe,
And which be wont to wokke eternall sleepe.

But ah vnwise and wiclesse Colin cloute,
That kydst the hidden kinds of many a wede:
Yet kydst not one to cure thy sore hart roote,
Whose ranckling wound as yet does ryselye bleede.
Why liuest thou stil, and yet hast thy deache wound?
Why dyeilst thou stil, and yet aliae art foundest?

Thus is my sommer woyne away and wasted,
Thus is my haruest hastened all to rathe:
The eare that budded faire, is burnt & blasted,
And all my hoped gaine is turnd to scarthe.
Of all the seede, that in my youth was sowne,
Was nought but brakes and brambles to be mowne.

My boughes with bloomes that crowned were at firste,
And promised of timely fruite such store,
Are left both bare and barren now at erst:
The flattering fruite is fallen to ground before.

December.

And rotted, ere they were halfe mellow ripe:
My harvest wast, my hope away ype.

The fragrant flowres, that in my garden grewe,
Bene withered, as they had bene gathred long.
They rootes bene dyed vp for lacke of dewe,
Yet dewed with teares they han be euer among.
Ah who has wrought my Rosalind this spighe
To spil the flowres, that shold her girlond dight,

And I, that whilome wout to frame my pype,
Unto the shilling of the Shepheards foote:
Sike sollics nowe haue gathred as too ripe,
And cast hem out, as rotten and vnsoote.
The islet Lalle I cast to please nomore,
One if I please, enough is me therfore.

And thus of all my harvest hope I haue
Mought reaped but a weedye crop of care:
Whiche, when I thought haue threht in swelling sheave,
Cockel for cozne, and chaffe for barley bare.
Soone as the chaffe shold in the sun be fynd,
All was blowne away of the wauering wypd.

So now my yeare dyawes to his latter terme,
My spypg is spent, my sommer burnt vp quite:
My haueste hast to stirre vp winter sterne,
And bids him clayme with rigorous rage hys right.
So noone he stromes with many a sturdy stour,
So now his blustering blaste eche coste doth scour.

The carefull cold hath nypt my rugged rynde,
And in my face deepe furrowes elo hath pigh:
My head besynt with hoary frost I fynd,
And by myne eie the Crow his clawe doothe wight.
Delight is layd abedde, and pleasure yalt,
No forme now shives, cloudes han all ouer east.

Now leue ye shepheards boyes your merry gles,
My Muse is boarre and weary of thys stoundes:

Vere

December.

fol. 51

Here will I hang my pypp upon this tree,
Was never pypp of reede did better sounde.
Winter is come, that blowes the weter blaste,
And after Winter drearie death coes hast.

Gather ye together my little flocke,
My little flocke, that was to me so liefe:
Let me, ah lete me in your folds ye locke,
Ere the breme Winter breede you greater griefe.
Winter is come, that blowes the balefull brest,
And after Winter commeth timely death.

Adieu delights, that lulled me asleepe,
Adieu my deare, whose loue I bought so deare:
Adieu my little Lambes and loued sheepe,
Adieu ye Woodes that oft my witnessesse were:
Adieu good Hobbinol, that was so true,
Tell Rosalind, her Colin bids her adieu.

Colins Embleme.



G L O S S E.

Tityrus) Chaucer as hath bene oft sayd. Lambkins) young lambes.
Als of then) Semeth to expresse Virgils verse Pan curat oues ouumque magistros.
Deigne) vouchsafe. Eabinet) Colinet) dimi nutines.
Mazie) For they be like to a maze whence it is hard to get out agayne.
Peres) felowes and companions.
Musick) that is Poetry as Terence sayth O ui artem tractant musicam, speking of Poetes.
Derring doe) a forclayd.
Lions house) He imagineth simply that Cupid, vwhich is loue, had his abode in the whote
signe Leo, vwhich is in middest of somer; a pretie allegory, vwhereof the meaning
is, that loue in him wrought an extraordinarie heate of lust.
His ray) vwhich is Cupides beame or flames of Loue.
A Comete) a blasing starre, meant of beautie, which vvas the cause of his vvh - te loue.
Venus) the goddesse of beauty or pleasure. Also a signe in heauen, as it is here taken. So
he meaneth that beautie, which hath alvayes aspect to Venus, vvas the cause of
all his vnuquietnes in loue.
Whare I was) a fne disruption of the chaunge of hys lyfe and likinges; for all things nowe
seemed

December.

seemed to hym to haue altered their kindly course.

Lording) Spoken after the maner of Paddocks and Frogges sitting which is indeed Lordly, nor remouing nor looking once a side, vntill they be sturned.

Then as) The second part. That is his manhoode.

Cores) sheepecotes, for such be the exercises of shepheards.

Sale) or Salovv a kind of yvoodde like VVyllovv, fit to vvreath and bynde in leapes to catch fish vwithall.

Phabe sayles) The Eclipse of the Moone, vwhich is alwayes in Cauda or Capite Draconis, signs in heauen.

Venus) f. Venus starre otherwisse called Hesperus and Vesper and Lucifer, both because he seemeth to be one of the brightest starres, and also first ryseth and setteth last. All ywhich stell in starres being conuenient for shepheardes to knovve as Theocritus and the rest vse.

Raging seas) The cause of the swelling and ebbing of the sea commeth of the course of the Moone, sometime encreasing, sometime wayning and decreasing.

Sooth of byrdes) A kind of sooth saying vsed in elder tymes, vwhich they gathered by the flying of byrds; First (as is sayd) inuented by the Thulcannes, and so them deruid to the Romanes, vwho (as is sayd in Linie) vvere so superstitiously rooted in the same, that they agreed that every Noble man should put his sonne to the Thulcannes, by them to be brought vp in that knowledge.

Of herbes) That wondrous things be wrought by herbes, as vwell appeareth by the common working of them in our bodies, as also by the wondrous enchantments and sorceries that haue bene wrought by them; insomuch that it is sayde that Circe a famous sorceresse turned me into sondry kinds of beastes & Monsters, and onely by herbes: as the Poete sayth Dea sua potentibus herbis &c.

Kidst) knewest. **Eare**) of corne. **Scathe**) losle hinderaunce.

Euer aynong) Euer and anone.

Thus is my) The thyrde parte vwherein is set forth his ripe yeres as an vntimely haruest, that bringeth little fruite.

The flaigraunt flouvres) sundry studies and laudable partes of learning, vwherein how our Poete is seene, be they vvitnesse vwhich are priuie to his study.

So now my yeere) The last part, vwherein is described his age by comparison of vvyntre stormes.

Carefull cold) for care is sayd to coole the blood.

Glee mirth)

Hoary fro) A metaphore of hoary heares scattered lyke to a gray frost.

Breeme) sharpe and bitter.

Adievv delights) is a conclusion of all. vwhere in sixe verses he comprehendeth briefly all that vvas touched in this booke. In the first verse his delights of youth generally, in the second, the loue of Rosalind, in the thyrd, the keeping of sheepe, vwhich is the arguement of all *Æglogues*. In the fourth his complaints. And in the last two his professed frendship and good vwill to his good friend Hobbinoll.

Embleme.

The meaning wherof is that all things perish and come to theyr last end, but workes of learned vvis and monuments of Poetry abide for euer. And therefore Horace of his Odes a work though ful of great wit & learning, yet of no so great weight

December.

fol. 52

weight and importaunce boldly sayth.

Exegi monumentum ~~se~~ perennius,
Quod nec imber nec aquilo vorax &c.

Therefore let not he enuied, that this Poete in his Epilogue sayth he hath mad
a Calendar, that shall endure as long as time &c. folowing the ensample of He
sace and Ouid in the like.

Grande opus exegi quæ nec Iouis ira nec ignis,
Nec ferum poterit nec edax abolere vetustas &c.



Loe I haue made a Calender for euery yeaer,
That steele in strength, and time in durانce shall outweare:
And if I marked well the starres revolution,
It shall continue till the worlds dissolution.
To teache the ruder shepheard how to feede his sheepe,
And from the falsers fraud his folded flocke to keepe.
Goe lyttle Calender, thou hast a free passeporte.
Goe but a lowly gate emongste the meaner sorte.
Dare not to match thy pype with Tityrus bys style,
Nor with the Pilgrim that the Ploughman playde awhyle:
But followe them farre off, and their high steppes adore,
The better please, the worse despise, I ake nomore.

Merce non mercede.



Imprinted at London by Hugh
Singleton, dwelling in Creede lane
at the signe of the gylden
Tun neere unto
Lndgate.









